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Diary of the Week.

THE House of Lords is an expensive object of worship. Last week Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne offered up the hereditary principle and a few other trifles for its propitiation. This week they have publicly sacrificed Tariff Reform, to the sound of trumpets and shawms from a part at least of the Tory votaries, and some audible curses from others. Speaking at the Albert Hall on Tuesday, Mr. Balfour said that the Liberals thought that they put him "in a hole" by asking him "whether you would refer Tariff Reform to a Referendum!" He answered that, as this election could not simply be taken upon Tariff Reform, he had "not the least objection" to submitting its "principle" (or "principles") to a Referendum (loud cheers, the audience standing). In return, added Mr. Balfour, Mr. Asquith might oblige by also submitting Home Rule. Lord Lansdowne made haste to elaborate and italicise this betrayal for tactics. Speaking at Portsmouth on Wednesday, he said that the party were ready to

"give an undertaking that we would not apply Tariff Reform until a Referendum had been taken on it from the people of this country. (Loud cheers.) I trust that the manner in which we accepted this challenge will do something to reassure a great number of sensible, moderate-minded people who desire to support us in this moment of a great Constitutional crisis, but who, for reasons of their own, are not converted to Tariff Reform, and who would resent the use of the votes which they had given us on the Constitutional issue for the purpose of dealing with the fiscal system of this country."

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THE object of this trick was not in the least disguised. It came from the "Observer," the shop from which the Tory Party gets most of its poison and medicine in turn, usually mistaking one for the other,

and is, as the "Morning Post" said, "a dodge to sweep Lancashire." Its arrival was clearly foreseen, if not absolutely pre-arranged with Mr. Balfour, by the tiny body of Tory Free Traders, represented by Lord Cromer. On Tuesday that gentleman wrote to the "Times," declaring that this class could now vote freely for the Unionist candidates, because Lord Lansdowne's Resolutions provided that the "larger issues" of Tariff Reform would be submitted to the Referendum. Lord Lansdowne's Resolutions did nothing of the kind, but Mr. Balfour at once proceeded to give them the necessary enlargement.

* * *

In Manchester—at which this shot was specially aimed—it swept, not the Radical, but the Tory ranks, and Mr. Bonar Law, whose candidature was first meant to carry Tariff Reform into the heart of the Free Trade stronghold, gave two contradictory opinions upon it. In one column of Wednesday's "Post," he repudiated the Referendum, of whose coming he must have been advised, and declared that, if Tariff Reform gained an adequate majority, "we" should be "bound and entitled" to carry it out. In a parallel column he submitted to his leader, and accepted a Referendum. Reviewing the situation later, the "Post" correspondent declared that "strong and earnest Tariff Reformers did not like it," and quoted Mr. Taylor—one of the Manchester Unionist candidates—as openly repudiating Mr. Balfour.

* * *

THE "Post" itself, the only Unionist newspaper which now contains any serious or consistent political thought, urged Protectionists to "go straight ahead" and disregard their leader. This, in their present pass, is all they can do, secretly praying for a Radical victory, which, if it is not greater than in 1906, may at least show that the Tory Party has not put its money on the wrong horse. Mr. Chamberlain has not publicly resented Mr. Balfour's desertion, but his son has telegraphed to Sunderland that "now is the time to secure Tariff Reform." This is the line taken by Mr. Goulding, and also by Lord Milner, who threatens that, if Tariff Reform is superseded, he will retire from public life. The "Post" ridicules Mr. Balfour's pretence of putting the "principles" of Tariff Reform to a Referendum, and says with its usual honesty that only a Bill can be so submitted. It also bitterly suggests that Lord Cromer and Mr. Balfour have made a crooked deal at the expense of Protection. On the other hand, the Free Trade Rump—Lord Cromer, Lord Robert Cecil, and Mr. Harold Cox—have rallied as one man to the go-as-you-please policy. Should, therefore, the miracle of a Tory victory occur, the old situation will be repeated, and each section will in turn accuse its "leader" of betraying it, while he settles which it best suits his interest to follow.

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MR. BALFOUR incidentally put down the cost of a Referendum at £200,000. The next day, Mr. Lloyd George, speaking at Llandrindod, gave a detailed estimate, which showed that the expense could not well be less than a million and a half. All that, of course, is a direct "extra" in the cost of running the Constitution. Under our party system, each Referendum will

be fought as if it were a General Election. If, as it is meant to do, it discredits a Liberal Government by destroying a Liberal Bill, it will bring an almost immediate dissolution in its train. Mr. Churchill, treating the Balfour speech to brilliant raillery, declared, at Sheffield, that the Tory host had put "General Scuttle" in command. "Frantic appeals for quarter and mercy rent the air, the white flag was hung up over the Tory club, over many a noble residence, and many a public-house; all the colors, tents, baggage, ammunition were scattered along the line of flight. England had never witnessed such a spectacle since the days of Naseby and Marston Moor. And at the head of the rout, in the very forefront of the retreat, gleamed the white banner of their leader, the leader whom he heard say, in that very building, seven years ago, 'A leader is a man who means to lead'—the leader who meant to lead the flight."

THE Prime Minister has made two powerful and apposite speeches. On Tuesday he demolished in advance the case for the Balfourian Referendum. There had been nothing like the Tory conversion to it since the Franks were baptised in battalions and converted in platoons. Such a change would upset the basis of representative Government, and reduce the House of Commons to a debating society. Who was to decide the questions which were to be taken out of Parliament and put to a *plébiscite*? The sole electoral question was whether the representatives of the people were to be given full rights to make its laws.

AT Wolverhampton on Thursday, Mr. Asquith treated the Albert Hall speech with unmeasured contempt. It was, he said, "the largest and most variegated experiment in vote-catching" of which he had ever heard or read, and was "unique in its colossal indecency." He showed that the Balfourian pledge disabled the Tories, if they came back, from treating Tariff Reform at the Colonial Conference next May—a broken policy, which the "Post" is this (Friday) morning trying to set up again. Was the Referendum to come in before or after the first Tariff Reform Budget? If before, the Referendum would be a caricature of an appeal; if after, and the Budget were rejected, the Ministry and the House of Commons would be finished. If a sane man had a week ago asked a British statesman so to pull Parliament to pieces, he would have been treated as an escape from Bedlam. In youth he had flirted with the Referendum, but twelve months of recent study had convinced him that it was absolutely unsuited to Britain, for it would destroy responsibility to the Commons—the salt and salvation of our politics. He ended with a scathing rebuke to Mr. Balfour for his impudent charge that the Government were selling their country to the agents of "a foreign conspiracy."

LORD MORLEY spoke at Darwen on Thursday with the frankness and straightness which become and distinguish him. He called on Lancashire not to sacrifice "your trade, your profits, your wages, to the pranks" of the Albert Hall speech. The men who appealed to the moderate voters had done two immoderate things—they were for breaking the House of Lords to pieces, and were for destroying the Parliamentary system, which was our glory. Compared with such a policy the Veto Bill was moderation itself—identical, as it was, with John Bright's proposals of 1884. As for reform of the Lords, it could

be settled after their relations with the Commons had been amended. What cant to talk of the House of Lords protecting the nation against her representatives and herself! And this terror of the popular judgment was held up by the men who assumed the title of "democrats." Did the Tories mean the Commons to be predominant or no? If they did, the Veto Bill secured that end. But they did not; for the Lansdowne Resolutions reduced the popular franchises won in 1867 and 1884 to a nullity.

ON Wednesday Lord Rosebery addressed a weak and violent party harangue to what was declared to be a "non-party meeting" in Manchester. Lord Rosebery seems to have lost even his old charm of epigram, for nearly all his phrases were flash coin of the renegade's facile mint. We were in danger of becoming "a nation of slaves." The Irish dictator, "subsidised by foreign gold," was being used to "subvert the Constitution." He compared Mr. Redmond—a member of the British Parliament, fresh from a tour in which British Ministers played a warmly sympathetic part—to "an emissary subsidised by foreign money." Most of the speech was in this hysterical vein. He said that "the spectre of Socialism stalked behind the Government," which was "marching through a fog to the dismemberment of the United Kingdom." The House of Lords could not be attacked, because there was nothing to defend; it had "ceased to exist." Lord Rosebery pardons his new friends for killing the House of Lords, but he cannot forgive his old ones for taking over his own policy of "muzzling" it. He concluded by a weird argument for the hereditary principle (which he abandons), on the ground that the Duke of Wellington's great-grandson had saved a girl from drowning by jumping over Putney Bridge. This is Lord Rosebery's latest form.

ONE of the best of the quietly argumentative speeches of the Election was made by Sir Edward Grey at Dudley, who showed first that, under the Lansdowne scheme, the Liberals would lose the Royal Prerogative to create peers, and thus be deprived of their chief weapon, while the claim of the Lords to control finance would make it necessary for the Liberal Party to have majorities in both Houses as well as in one, thus destroying the supreme power of the Commons. He examined in detail the structure of the new Lansdowne Chamber, which, as we calculated last week, would involve, in his view, a *permanent* Tory majority of at least 160, or over two to one.

"Under these propositions a reformed House of Lords was to be composed of three different sections. First, there would be a number of peers qualified by distinguished public service. Putting them at forty, and assuming that half were Conservatives and half Liberals, there would be twenty of each. That would do to begin with. The next section, about 400 altogether, was to be composed of hereditary peers elected by hereditary peers. That was what was called getting rid of the hereditary element. Assuming there were 160 hereditary peers, how many of these were likely to be Liberals? Depend upon it, these 160 would be Conservative or they would turn out to be Conservative in the next Parliament. That would make 180 Conservatives against 20 Liberals. That was not so good. There was to be a third section which was to be at least equal to the other two and was to be elected. They were not told how or whether it would be a democratic election. He would give the Conservatives the benefit of the doubt, and assume that it would be a democratic election, and that the parties would be equally divided. How would it all work out? There would be 280 Conservatives and 120 Liberals."

THERE are signs that the better elements in the Turkish Cabinet are struggling to liberate themselves from the more chauvinistic elements of the Committee. Martial law has suddenly been removed from Macedonia and Albania, though political trials, with numerous executions, are still going on at Salonica and Monastir. The concession comes late, for large bodies of Albanians are said to be massed at Dibra and along the Montenegrin border. The date, however, is too late for a Balkan campaign on any considerable scale. The Prime Minister, Hakki Pasha, was summoned by the adherents of the Committee in the Chamber to lay his opening speech before them before it is delivered to the Chamber. He at first refused, but has now yielded.

* * *

In Greece, M. Venezelos continues to prove his independence and statesmanship. In the course of an electioneering tour in Thessaly, he has pronounced for the lowering of indirect taxation, and especially of taxes on the necessities of life, and for an income tax. He will create a Ministry of Agriculture, promote drainage schemes, and inaugurate reforms in land tenure (which is usually on the metayer system), while he honestly declares that compulsory expropriation, which the Thessalian peasants demand, is, at present, impossible. The reason is, of course, that the Thessalian landlords, who are chiefly Moslems, are protected by Turkey. For this declaration, an abortive attempt was made to assassinate him by derailing his train. He proposes to employ foreign officers to reorganise the police, the army, and the navy, and to cultivate friendly relations and work for the removal of misunderstandings with all the Balkan Powers. Such a programme will not flatter chauvinistic sentiment in Greece, and may not be popular. But it is the utterance of a strong and Liberal mind.

* * *

It is still impossible to affirm anything with certainty regarding the revolt against President Porfirio Diaz's dictatorship in Mexico, save that it is not yet suppressed. Fighting is still going on in the Northern States. One town at least is held by the insurgents, and others are threatened. Engagements have occurred of which no mention appears in the official news, and regiments set out for unknown destinations from Mexico City, under circumstances which confirm the belief that there is unrest, if not insurrection in the South. The chief of the rebel Provisional Government, Señor Madero, who was reported wounded and in flight, is still in the field and unwounded. An active proscription of all the leading men suspected of having a mind of their own is going on, and the editor of the most moderate of the Mexican newspapers has just been flung, for the offence of describing one of the rebel exploits as "heroic," into the noisome and fever-haunted prison of Belen, where so many of the opponents of Diaz have been done to death in recent years. General Reyes, the one man who might (it is thought) turn the army against the Dictator, is still in Paris, and apparently sitting on the fence.

* * *

THE death of Tolstoy has evoked, or, more probably, revealed, a new stirring of the long dormant revolutionary instinct in Russia. The scenes in St. Petersburg, outside the Kazan Cathedral, when the students of the University, men and women together, met in the square to protest against the dishonor done to the greatest of Russians by the Church and the Government, recall the similar manifestations which for some years became increasingly frequent as the revolutionary

crisis of 1905 approached. The students were, of course, ridden down by the Cossacks and the police. The special point which the students have given to their demonstrations is to make of them a protest against capital punishment, the last subject with which Tolstoy's pen was busied. The revolutionary parties are credited with the intention of using the stirring of emotion which Tolstoy's death has called forth to further the general political and labor movement. A secret congress for this purpose is believed to have met in Finland. There seems to be a fear on the part of the authorities that the trade unions, which never have been absolutely crushed, may once more work actively with the revolutionary parties. The psychology of this curious revival would seem to be that Russians, crushed, depressed, and isolated under M. Stolypin's long repression, have suddenly felt a common emotion in Tolstoy's death which has reminded them that they are a nation.

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THE details of M. Briand's proposals for legislating against strikes are now more fully known. There is to be a drastic law imposing heavy penalties on *sabotage* (i.e., the wilful destruction of the instruments of production), aimed both against those who commit it and those who incite to it. The system of conciliation and arbitration proposed for railway servants is very elaborate, but apparently one-sided. It begins with an arrangement for periodical conferences between delegates of the men and representatives of the masters. Then there are to be local conciliation committees, and a central conciliation committee for general disputes. Lastly, there is to be an Arbitral Council, composed of three of the men, three of the masters, and three neutral assessors chosen from a panel which the Chambers will nominate from among judges, learned societies, &c. The findings of this Council, however, will not be effective, if they involve any financial burden upon the companies or the public, unless ratified by Parliament. There are few decisions which do not in some way involve financial consequences, so that the main result of all this elaborate quasi-judicial machinery is simply to make the politicians supreme. The men are to be prevented from striking by statutory penalties of several years' imprisonment. But there is apparently no provision for compelling the companies to accept the findings of any of these various bodies.

* * *

AFTER a delay of four years, the Franco-British condominium in the New Hebrides has set up its joint Tribunal with a Spanish President. The condition of the native problem in these islands is apparently worse than ever before. French sentiment is extremely hostile to any regulation in the interests of the natives. Alcohol and cartridges are freely sold, in defiance of the treaty. Official French opinion is bitterly hostile to the English missionaries, who warn the natives against the worst type of recruiting agents, put them on their guard against masters with a bad record, and have succeeded in raising the wages which the natives now demand. The Bishop of Melanesia and the Presbyterian missionaries have issued a joint protest against the condition of the islands, dwelling especially on the practice which the recruiting agents make of kidnapping the wives and children of the natives. It is hard to say how far the Australian sentiment which backs them is pro-native or anti-French, but the "Sydney Morning Herald" writes strongly about "these abominable atrocities." Of the disinterestedness and sobriety of judgment of the missionaries there can be no question.

Politics and Affairs.

A BATTLE WITH A JELLY-FISH.

THE Election of 1910 has been won before it has been fought. It cannot yield a victory for the Conservative Party, for that party, like the House of Lords, has, in Lord Rosebery's phrase, "ceased to exist." If the electors return the Liberals, they will know, definitely, what they may expect. In the first place, the country will remain fixed to Free Trade. In the second place, the old British Constitution will continue unchanged in its essential particulars. Its chief landmark will be the representative system and the predominance of the House of Commons. All that will be changed will be the power of the House of Lords to set up a rival, and eventually a superior, authority. Ireland will be brought within the sphere of self-government which extends to every other unit of the Empire. Social reform will be advanced and extended, until outlying masses of uncertain and precarious livelihood are brought into harmony with the general well-being of the country. Nothing in this programme is concealed or evaded. The Bills, the methods for the achievement of these ends, are all before the electorate.

Thus far Liberals and Democrats; but where amid the wrack of demagoguery that has swept over the old Tory Party, shall the Conservative, the Tariff Reformer, the House of Lords Man, the Constitutionalist, the man of fixed and limited habits of thought about British politics, find a foothold? He is first invited to approve and forward the effacement of all that generations of leaders have taught him to respect. On the top of these surrenders, he must throw his more recent stores of thought and conviction. Seven years ago Mr. Chamberlain hurled him back on to Protection. For two elections he has toiled and moiled at Tariff Reform, persuading himself and others that it was the cure for unemployment, the grand cement of loyalty and Empire. To-day every Tariff Reformer must go to his dupes and say: "I lied to you. This panacea of Empire and prosperity can wait. Cobdenites, we reviled and cast you out. But bear us no malice, and come back to the old fold. Or are you, perchance, reformers of the House of Lords? Welcome still more! There is no House of Lords—we have abolished it. Or a Home Ruler, seduced by the 'Dollar Dictator'? Welcome again, in the name of Federalism! A democrat? Then, indeed, you meet an open bosom—for you shall decide anything and everything, and whenever you like—Crown, Constitution, Budgets, Ministries, Parliaments."

Now let us examine the first of the series of frantic surrenders which Mr. Balfour has counselled and directed. If, following a distinguished precedent, we say that Protection is now dead and damned, we shall not, we hope, be taken to have exhibited any more faith in Mr. Balfour's plighted word than his most devoted followers attach to it. Mr. Balfour must always have some rampart against Tariff Reform. In 1904, he insisted on two elections, one before a Colonial Conference and one after. Defeated in this, he placed all his hopes on the Colonial Conference. Now it is the

Referendum, which might conceivably be established, let us say, after an impassioned controversy of five or six years. But we should be the last to say that he is incapable of betraying the Free Trade Whig and Unionist Rump whom he has bought for a price, when he might have had them for nothing; and, if the Protectionists still cling to him, it will be in the hope that they can drive him back into their camp. Nevertheless he has destroyed them. For, supposing his last "tactic" has the result it is designed to compass, that of reducing, or even extinguishing, the Liberal majority which, as Mr. Balfour well knows would confront the new Parliament with absolute authority, derived from the highest quarter, to enforce the will of the nation. The effect on Tariff Reform will be instant. The party managers will say, and rightly say, "Protection was our old man of the sea. For two elections it has hung round our necks. It destroyed us in 1906 and 1909. Now that we have half cast it off, the electorate is beginning to look at us once more." Such a prospect has no terrors for Mr. Balfour. He has, indeed, committed the tactical error of disheartening the pick of his army in the height of the battle, so much so that it is to the interest—the vital interest—of the Tariff Reformer that the Liberal majority should be maintained, or even increased. But a man so detached from the average feelings of mankind may hold the betrayal of his friends of less account than the salvation of his order; and a mental balance which weighs Free Trade and Tariff Reform in scales which do not turn an inch either way, may well find a Free Trade England a more endurable plaything than a Radical one.

In this emasculate game of tactics there is, indeed, only one serious point, which reveals the continuous warfare of demagogic Toryism on the House of Commons and the representative system which Britain first fashioned for herself and then handed on to the greater part of the civilised world. At their destruction all these contradictory plans, scored up one moment, wiped out the next, are obviously aimed. Lord Lansdowne on Tuesday proposed one form of the *plébiscite* or Referendum. This device was to stop the ordinary legislation of the Radical Government. Budgets were expressly excepted. A day later, Mr. Balfour extended it to "the principle of Tariff Reform," and Lord Lansdowne, going still further, gave, at Portsmouth, a specific "undertaking" not to apply Tariff Reform until a Referendum had been taken upon it. The Referendum was no longer to be employed merely to end deadlocks between the two Houses, brought about by the action of the Lords. It was to be put to a use to which, save in the case of one Customs Bill, it has never served, even in Switzerland. It was to over-rule the House of Commons in its central prerogative of finance. The honor of this suggestion belongs to Lord Rosebery—the most hap-hazard mind that ever flitted over politics. Save for the purpose of shelving Tariff Reform, it is a wildly impracticable suggestion. There is no means of carrying Protection save through an infinitely complicated series of taxes, embodied in a Finance Bill. Such a Bill could possess no common "principle." It must array various interests against each other; farmer against manufacturer, towns-

man against countryman, class against class, trade against trade. If the House of Commons ever passed such a Budget, its reference to a *plébiscite* would be at once a signal for complete confusion, in which each interest would give a vote directed either against the special taxes which injured it most, or for those imposts which favoured it most, or on a balance of the two considerations. That would be a process in which the fantastic structure must be torn to pieces, under whatever guise it was presented. It is disgraceful to a statesman of Mr. Balfour's intelligence that he should have vented such a notion. No one knows better than he that it could never be carried out.

We pass to the slightly more serious proposal of Lord Lansdowne—the Lord Lansdowne of last week, not, be it understood, the Lord Lansdowne of this. For our part, we have no belief in the Referendum, applied to a country which has gone far beyond the crude democracy of a *plébiscite*. But one thing is perfectly clear, we will have no House of Lords plus a Referendum. The Referendum is put forward as a check on the House of Commons. But it has never been applied in any country in the world against a fully representative assembly, elected on the party system, when another check exists in the shape of a large, powerful, ambitious unrepresentative assembly, devoted to property and land, which sets the first check in motion. If, then, we have a Referendum, we must abolish the House of Lords lock, stock, and barrel. And this, indeed, would be its effect, unless it abolished the House of Commons. If the Referendum went against the House of Lords, that body would vanish in a cloud of popular derision; if it went against the representative assembly, the whole theory of Ministerial responsibility to the House of Commons would be blown into the air. How long would a Government last if discredited by a hostile Referendum on a first-class Bill? And, the day after such a Ministry sank to ruin, what would be the value of the age-long tradition of the dependence of the Cabinet on the majority in the Commons? No great organised State could exist on such terms. No statesman would ever propose them unless he meant to play off demagoguery against democracy.

Thus, in this strange election, while we have seen the Conservative running away from the Constitution, the Peer from the House of Lords, the Protectionist from Tariff Reform, and the Unionist from the Union, we shall be fools indeed if we do not also see the object of these fugitive tactics. That is to save the Veto. For that end the wretched Tariff Reformer has been huddled off the scene as cynically as was the Free Trader in 1906, and the bewildered House of Lords has been bidden to mask itself behind the Referendum and the Lansdowne Resolutions. If the Veto is saved, the play will be over, and the actors may get back into their old dresses and their old places—if they can. Protection will try and creep out of its dark corner, the House of Lords out of its self-dug grave. The puppets will cease to posture and pretend, as soon as the showman drops the strings. All this antic looks very clever. We shall soon see how it goes down with the people.

THE SIMPLE ISSUE.

For a fortnight the flood of oratory has poured itself out on both sides. To-day the fighting begins, and we cannot do better than recall our readers to the clearest and most direct view of the issue. The question at stake in this election is, perhaps, the simplest ever presented to the people of the country. Last year the question of the Constitution predominated over all others. But it was still complicated with that of the Budget and that of the Tariff. This year it stands alone. No doubt efforts have been made to drag in the question of Home Rule, and the more extraneous question of the sources of the Irish party funds. No doubt the voice of the Tariff Reformer is still heard in the land. But the American dollar cry is an avowedly and cheaply manufactured article, put on sale by a journalistic chapman, and, as to Tariff Reform, the Tory leader has violently jerked it out of its old box-seat and put it in a retired and meditative corner. As nearly as any election can come to a referendum, the election has approached to a referendum. If it is at all possible to take the sense of the people on a single issue, that will be done in the contest which begins to-day. What, then, is the issue, and how did it arise?

Of its earlier history we need say little. We all remember how the House of Lords made the position of the 1906 Government untenable. We need only say, in passing, that when Lord Lansdowne defends himself on the ground that he passed upwards of two hundred Bills, and threw out four or five, we must suppose him to be talking seriously. But if he is talking seriously, he is betraying the faults of an aristocratic and unrepresentative assembly raised to their highest power. He is betraying in full measure that want of imagination which is the besetting trouble of a ruling class, and which closes his eyes to the effect which his actions, and even more his defence of them, will have on the men with whose hopes and efforts he has been playing. Lord Lansdowne should do his opponents the justice of recognising the intensity of indignation with which they witnessed the frustration of their efforts for the public good, the setting at naught of all the long labors of the Commons session after session, the erection of an adamant barrier against democracy.

The Liberal Government was patient, too patient, as we often urged at the time, in its attitude to these legislative rebuffs. The attack of the Lords on finance forced it to take action. There could no longer be any doubt about the position. The Lords, long supposed to be a decaying element of the Constitution, had assumed new life. They had ceased the defensive. They had taken the aggressive. They were prepared, not merely to maintain the legislative, but to assert a new financial veto, which would at once make them the central power of the Constitution. The Government appealed to the people, and obtained a majority sufficient to pass the Budget and destroy the new claim of the Lords. The aggressive movement was checked, but how to deal with the legislative veto remained a problem. Many views were taken. Some were for a reform of the Lords on democratic lines, others for a Joint Session in cases of divergence, others for adhering

to the Campbell-Bannerman plan and insisting on the curtailment of the Veto before any constructive work should be attempted. The latter plan held the field and had been carried by resolution through the House of Commons when the sittings of the Conference began. At these sittings we may assume that every possible method of settlement was discussed. We know that both sides went into it without prejudice, and, from what the two leaders have said, we may infer that mutual concessions were discussed in a conciliatory manner. Nevertheless, no settlement could be reached, and in that fact we have the reason and the justification of the Government's action in falling back upon the Veto policy. It is not the only policy which would have commanded the assent of their followers. We have no doubt that a Joint Session in case of insuperable difference would have been acceptable, provided always that the conditions could have been made equal as between the parties. But, at any rate from the Conference, no such conditions could be obtained. The moderate man who professes to recognise the difficulty of the Liberal Party, but finds the Parliament Bill too extreme, may fairly be asked what alternative he proposes. Can he mention anything that has not been tried, and has not encountered equal or even more determined opposition?

The Government proposal is very far from Single-Chamber government. It will not enable a majority fresh from the country to carry a high measure within two years except by the consent of the House of Lords. For those two years the majority must hold together—a feat which, if there is a real public feeling against a Bill, is by no means easy to perform. From the third year of Parliament onwards no measure can be passed except either with the assent of the Lords or with the approval of the electorate as signified at a second election. Do those who fear that the House of Lords would abuse the very limited powers thus secured to it realise the strength of the permanent Conservative forces in this country, and the influence which they bring to bear on members, on Ministers, on the machinery of legislation, on the interpretation and administration of the law? Do they realise the Conservatism of the Civil Service, the intense Conservatism of the judges, the Conservatism of society, the Conservatism of the Press, the Conservatism of London clubland? Do they bear in mind that every reactionary measure is fostered, and every democratic measure nipped and checked and stunted, by these influences? If they do, would they tremble at the suggestion of removing the additional artificial "barrier" of the Lords against democratic legislation? Would they not rather call for some special safeguard against reaction?

Had the Unionists indeed put forward a reasonably democratic scheme of reform, the issue would have been simpler. Had they proposed an elected House of Lords, had they suggested a Joint Sitting on such a numerical basis as would have secured control to an adequate majority in the Commons, they would have offered to the electors something which would at least have worn the guise of democracy. Indeed, they have refused us anything but the vaguest outlines of their

scheme. But they have so far made manifest their intentions as to show that their conception of a reformed House of Lords is a strengthened House of Lords, a House drawn not necessarily by heredity but by selection, or some combination of heredity and selection, from the ruling class, from the men who by temper and experience are least in sympathy with the popular will. They would temper birth with bureaucracy; aristocracy, already sufficiently diluted with wealth, they would reinforce with officialdom. They would have men on the Milner model, learned in every form of the art of repression. For this new House of Lords they would claim an authority that the House of Lords has long since known itself to have lost. For its function they would demand a sphere which the House of Lords has long since resigned. They would make of it a new and permanent barrier against the moderate social reform, the slow and continuous democratic progress, which has been the characteristic English method of advance. The choice of the election, then, is not between progress and conservatism, but between democracy and reaction. There is no standing still in this election. We either go forward on the lines of cautious but continuous advance, or as a people we abdicate our sovereignty, and resign to Lansdowne House the task of forging new fetters to replace those of a worn-out feudalism.

THE FORCE OF SNOBBERY.

THE contest upon which the British nation enters this week is not only of parties and principles of government but of conflicting sentiments. Liberals are appealing to that primary feeling for liberty of action which demands collective expression through the arts of national self-government. They seek to secure the right to make their own laws and administer their own affairs through their freely-elected representatives. To what sentiment do Conservatives appeal? Not to the dread of change, not to regard for the established order, as their title might lead us to suppose. For they have openly committed themselves to a series of projects as novel, as audacious, as anything the Government intends, and far more hazardous. To a modern industrial State, built up for world intercourse upon a basis of free exchange, a Protective Tariff is a proposal of shattering import. The spectre of Conscription, which stalks behind it, is a far graver menace to our national tranquillity than any of the moderate measures of social reform which terrify Lords Rosebery and Rothschild. Nay, the latest proposal, that of a Referendum, is far more revolutionary in its effects upon the working of our Constitution than anything embodied in the Veto Bill.

The sentiment on which the Opposition are relying for their chance of victory is not Conservatism but servility. Their electioneering is a rally of the latent forces of snobbery, the uncritical admiration of birth and wealth, power and external display. This is, of course, no new tactic. Ever since the middle of the 'eighties, when most of the remnant of nobility and wealth, which had hitherto remained in their Liberal allegiance, passed over to the party of rank and pro-

party, the cleavage of parties has made snobbery a recognised electioneering force. The Primrose League was the first open attempt to organise this instrument of social influence so as to coin the meanest of our national characteristics into Tory votes. It is hardly too much to say that this has, during the last generation, been the most efficacious mode of meeting and confusing the growing forces of popular education and enlightenment. The present crisis appears to be peculiarly suited for the full exploitation of this great party asset. For, whereas in all previous elections other issues and interests have crossed or overlain this emotional appeal, this election is, in substance, nothing other than a formal and dramatic trial of the strength of British snobbery. If Thackeray's diagnosis of our national character still held, the fall of Liberalism would be a foregone conclusion. For the enemy marches into battle carrying the very Ark of the Covenant with them, to fight in their behalf. If it were really true that the great majority of our people, of every rank of life, were possessed by an overwhelming admiration, avowed or secret, of titles, riches, and social status, they would undoubtedly resent the proposals of the Government to reduce the political privileges of the Peers, and to attack the territorial dominion which they exercise. Will they do so? We believe that they will not. For, in the first place, those feudal sentiments of genuine personal attachment to great families of ancient lineage and renown have, save in a few corners of the country, almost disappeared, with the families themselves. Although the new rich who have replaced them have sought to establish a new feudalism, mostly of privilege without obligation, its roots of admiration are far shallower and are entangled with new sentiments of envy and contempt, which, however much concealed by considerations of policy, operate none the less to undermine political attachment. We should be the last to minimise the worship of rank and wealth and position, which is one abiding enemy of progress. Its fortresses were plainly disclosed last January. The West End of the Metropolis, the cathedral cities, most of the seaside resorts and other pleasure towns, together with those large sections of the Southern counties where "retired gentlemen," and other persons "living on their means," reside in considerable numbers, showed the true strength of the powers of snobbery. For the vast majority of voters in these places had nothing to win, and much to lose, by the protective tariff, which then, as now, stands as "the first constructive policy" of the Opposition. They voted Tory chiefly because snobbish instincts and valuations affected their understanding. Some flicker of conviction, some pressure of economic coercion, may reasonably be taken into account. But it was the instinctive following of the county families by the aspiring gentry, the courting of the gentry by the tradespeople, the general worship of the well-to-do by some sections of wage-earners, and their willingness to take their politics from the farmer, the bailiff, the publican, who are the customary middlemen between gentry and workers, that explained the Tory hold upon the residential South.

At first sight it might seem that the concentration of the present fight upon the single issue of the Lords

would strengthen this emotional hold. But such a view is, probably, erroneous. The total volume of snobbery may be as great as formerly. But its focus has shifted, and the objects of mean admiration are not the same. The House of Lords is not really a favorable ground on which to fight the great modern battle of privilege against the people. For the cause of hereditary government, as, indeed, the Peers retain enough intelligence to recognise, has been undermined by the modern spirit. The old-time veneration for the status of birth, as a badge of personal merit and a guarantee of public service, has almost disappeared. So long as the hereditary House was merely irrational in structure and obstructive in practice, it was not unpopular. But it has become ridiculous. This feeling has been growing among all classes, and in the main irrespective of party. The old admiration for an individual peer might long survive, if persons like the Duke of Northumberland or Lord Willoughby de Broke could be persuaded to keep off the platform. But the collective Peerage, a House of Lords, whenever it is realised at all, appears grotesque. When, a quarter of a century ago, Sir William Gilbert brought it on the stage, the theatre-going public was not shocked, as it ought to have been, at the indecency of the exposure. The applause which greeted the appropriate chorus, "Bow, Bow ye lower-middle classes," was the beginning of the end of the pretensions of the Peerage. For, though ridicule is quite compatible with some measure of real reverence—so strangely are we all composed—the former feeling gradually eats away the latter, so that the victim of a popular parody soon ceases to command respect. Hence it happens that the defence of the House of Lords is not a good rallying ground for the forces of servility in our nation. Our snobbery is more various and diffused than in Thackeray's day. It goes out less to rank and more to mere wealth and display. Not Dukes or Earls, but motor-men, the gods in cars, who, clad in costly furs, dash along what once were public roads, are the true modern objects of adoration. They are the true representatives of economic power and privilege, they symbolise, more thoroughly than any antiquated House of Lords, the modern cleavage between riches and poverty, leisure and toil. The Lords do not represent the real defence of modern economic privilege, now that rural land does not constitute a main source of wealth. No doubt, if the veto of the Peers upon finance, as well as upon ordinary legislation, could have been successfully maintained, all the forces of reaction would have stood stiffly for its retention. But the fact is that the possessors and defenders of property and privilege are less and less disposed to stake their fortunes upon an institution so evidently obsolete and out of keeping with the methods of the modern business world in which they live and move and have their being. It is much like going into battle in the twentieth century with matchlocks or arquebuses. They may pretend to repair the battlements and fit the repaired fortress with new guns. But their tactics of the last fortnight would suffice to convince any open-eyed observer that the Conservative Party of the future does not hope much for the veto of a House of Lords, and does not seriously expect the

snobbery of British electors to furnish a victorious defence either for the existing House or for any restored and re-decorated substitute.

THE MEXICAN AUTOCRAT.

"CALL no man happy until he is dead," is one of the world's fundamental concentrations of wisdom. "Call no despot wise until he has left a successor," is a variant of the proverb which one is tempted to invent for the benefit of the many admirers of President Diaz of Mexico. We have listened year by year to the praises of this great man which have resounded through two hemispheres. The still small voice of criticism was always to be heard. But this exception was only the skilfully blended discord that enhanced the harmony. Mexican Funds stood high. Contractors based their fortunes on the despot's favor. The Press wrote with the certainty which the remote always inspires, and used adjectives which a critical and conscientious historian might hesitate to bestow on Marcus Aurelius or Charlemagne. Wall Street knew its friend, and while loans and concessions came its way, it would not grudge the wonderful old man his meed of glory. Nor was it only by words that the American Republic made itself the ally and accomplice of Diaz. It tolerated the operations of his secret agents on American territory. It allowed them to kidnap Mexican refugees and to carry them off to the Dictator's gaols. It opened its own prisons for the incarceration of exiles, whose crime it was that they were plotting, in the name of Republican principles, against a sheer autocracy. There is, unquestionably, for all this admiration a solid basis in facts. Diaz has brought to Mexico a degree of material prosperity which it never enjoyed before. It would be interesting to know how much of the wealth which his *régime* has made has gone to raise the status of the workers and the peasants. But by all the statistical tests which impress the investor Mexico is prosperous. Her credit is good. Her imports and exports show an astonishing progression. The mileage of her railways, her telegraphs, and her telephones is for ever inflating its total. Fresh acres are coming under new crops, and fresh minerals glitter for the prospector, while new factories spring up each year with the promise of an industrial future. The capitalist, weary of contending with the jealousies and patriotisms of other Latin Republics, has found in Mexico a welcome and a secure field for gain. Whatever waves of xenophobia might sway the people, the Government was invariably careful to placate the investor, and, above all, the American investor. But the main point on which the eulogists of Diaz laid stress was, of course, that for an entire generation the country under his sway had enjoyed unbroken peace. One could hardly exaggerate the miracle of this achievement. From 1810 onwards, when the War of Independence against Spain began, down to the late 'seventies, Mexico had hardly had three consecutive years of tranquillity. She had fought with Spain, and with the United States; she had

been invaded by the forces of a European coalition; she had endured a French occupation, and, of course, she had also indulged in countless wars with her lesser Spanish-American neighbors. Within her own borders she had made and overthrown a native Emperor, and seen year by year the contests of rival Presidents, which never, even under a man so enlightened and so relatively disinterested as Juarez, were settled without civil war. It would be a mistake to dismiss all this pugnacity and unrest as the expression of mere self-seeking and the proof of political incapacity. There generally was some real conflict of principle behind the war of rival ambitions. There was a reactionary and violently Clericalist party, which stood for centralised government, and against it there struggled a more or less consciously Liberal party, which was anti-Clerical and Federalist. Diaz in his long reign of internal quiet had not only to crush rivals, but to repress the workings of a real cleavage of opinion. It was an amazing achievement, and whatever one may think of the motives of the man who contrived it, of the methods which he used, and of the mingled good and evil which resulted from it, it does unquestionably give him rank among the most distinguished and exceptional of human wills.

To-day the achievement is subjected to the practical criticism of rebellion. We do not propose to discuss the happenings of the past two weeks or the chances of Señor Madero. With less than his usual intelligence Diaz has suppressed all independent news. There may be some measure of truth in his official statements, but that is an assumption which we are indisposed to adopt without confirmation. It is probable, however, that the rebels are more or less obstinate, and a protracted guerilla struggle will be suppressed. But the significance of their movement lies in the proof which it affords that a generation of coercion has not sufficed to eradicate Mexican traditions. Diaz has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, and even his tremendous vitality can hardly carry him through many more years of official life. His designated successor, Señor Corral, is unquestionably a man of considerable ability and strong will. But he lacks the qualities that might make him what Diaz always was, a dramatic and popular national figure. He is not, what Diaz also was, a typical son of the soil, and public opinion tends to think of him as more American than Mexican. Lastly, while Diaz, by his generalship in the civil wars, his great services under Juarez in the campaigns against the Emperor Maximilian, his personal bravery, his legendary deeds of valor, and his miraculous escapes, was a personality whom the army feared and admired, the heir to the autocracy is simply a capable bureaucrat, and a man of business, who makes no appeal whatever to the imagination of fighting men. One may predict without much hesitation that if revolt is possible in the declining years of Diaz's reign, it will break out in some much more formidable shape under his successor, should he attempt to repeat the policy of autocracy.

Diaz has developed Mexico, but he has not developed the Mexicans. This generation of peace, so far from being a training for self-government, has done less to advance the coming of maturity than a period of bloody and angry struggle might have done. Save

that the name of Republic dignifies the farce, the administration of Mexico through all these years has been as absolute as that of Russia. Though the forms of election have usually been observed, there is not a public officer throughout the whole territory, down to the humblest village mayor, who is anything but a nominee of the absolute Will in the palace in Mexico City. The Press has been so tightly muzzled, that even Diaz's own organ has on occasion been suppressed for criticising an appointment which he had made from outside the narrow circle of his own party. The imprisonment of Señor Madero, for daring to stand as a candidate against Diaz for the Presidency, is a sufficient commentary on the freedom of election. Nor can it be pretended that the despotism has been either honest or mild. The local magnates, provided they obeyed the central authority, were too often free to use their absolute local power in pursuit of private greed and private vengeance. The peasants work under a system hardly distinguishable from serfdom. The mills know all the horrors of an unregulated industrialism. Indian tribes have been expatriated and enslaved. And, finally, there has appeared from time to time in the few newspapers, both in Europe and America, which are free from financial influences, the most convincing evidence of the habitual use of torture in the prisons upon the bodies of political prisoners, and of their execution with hardly a pretence of observing even the forms of martial law. The prosperity of Mexico reduces itself, we are afraid, upon analysis to the fact that planters and landowners and speculators of all kinds and races, have made fortunes. The tranquillity of Mexico means only that every spontaneous movement of public opinion, every attempt to make a free use of free institutions, has for a generation been ruthlessly crushed. The verdict of history will not be spoken yet. But we shall be surprised if such a tyranny can be continued save by the man of exceptional genius who built it up, and we shall be equally surprised if Mexico can make the transition from sheer autocracy to free self-government without a renewal of the old turmoils and civil wars with more than the old rancors behind them. It must not be forgotten that, after twenty years of free and compulsory education, barely ten per cent. of the population is able as yet to read and write. The only wise autocrat is the rare tyrant who uses power to prepare freedom. Diaz, with all his genius, lived only for his own day.

Life and Letters.

THE PENNY CURSE.

EVEN the vituperative know that the tap-root of vituperation is falsity, and there is no art to which an admixture of the lie adds so much pleasure. When we describe an opponent or a friend with the most customary term of abuse and its epithet, we do not really mean that he will perish everlastingly for his folly, any more than the professor who called a scolding woman a parallelopiped implied that he considered her a regular brick, which is the meaning of the term. Abuse is a sudden explosion, a volcanic effort for relief, an attempt to discharge the perilous stuff that otherwise would be injurious to mental or physical health. It should always

be gladly welcomed, for the sake of the patient who utters it, and schoolboys are in the right when they inquire of the user of violent language if he feels better now. It is an imaginative thing, a heated phantasy, a quick superlative and, having only a thin connection with reality, it must be judged by the rules of art rather than of scientific exactness. When O'Connell, after Disraeli's betrayal of him at Taunton in 1835, described his adversary as a probable descendant of the impenitent thief, he knew, and everyone knew, that probability was strongly against the supposition. When Disraeli himself described another statesman as a weird Sibyl, he did not imply that his opponent was prophetic or feminine. But in both cases the art of vituperation was observed. There was mockery without spluttering rage, scorn without irritation, and just enough truth to hold the thing together and reveal a "sudden glory." Above all, the speaker's feelings were satisfactorily relieved, and his anger dissipated.

It would be a difficult study to trace the canons of the common curse, or to discover how little truth is required to give a vital power to abuse. The present opinions upon the art are uncomfortably perplexing. In this electoral contest, for instance, many leading Conservatives have objected to Mr. Lloyd George's speeches as exceeding the limits of artistic vituperation. Lord Curzon, at Hull, last Monday, spoke of "the style patented at Limehouse and developed at Newcastle" as coarse invective and slanderous abuse, appealing to the lowest passions of our fellow-countrymen. At Woodstock, on Friday, the 25th, the Duke of Marlborough similarly spoke of Mr. Lloyd George's "insolent and unsavory invective" against Dukes, and added the private information that "nearly three years ago, Mr. George stayed with me at Blenheim, and at that time I must have thought him a gentleman, but he seems to have since reverted to type and become himself." At Liverpool, on the same day, Sir Edward Carson ironically regretted that he was not a Cabinet Minister paid £5,000 a year to spit out dirt by the yard. Next day, at Burnley, Mr. F. E. Smith, who, at Highbury, on the previous Thursday, had described "the Limehouser" as racing all over England in pursuit of his own vulgarities, further spoke of Mr. Lloyd George as "a specialist in offal in more senses than one." All these speakers evidently wished to express dissatisfaction with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's manner, and as Mr. Lloyd George is, after all, as modest and teachable as most men are, we feel sure that he will study to improve his style upon the models provided by these speakers themselves, and by other prominent masters of vituperation in their party.

Perhaps he will be forced to regard people like the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Curzon as beyond imitation. For we have often been told by great authorities like Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, that the aristocracy is worth preserving, if only for its beautiful manners. And, indeed, their detachment from the restraints of ordinary life, and their entire ignorance of its realities and struggles, have given our nobility something of the downrightness and simplicity of expression that we find among the bookmakers and wastrels who are their natural allies. To swear like a lord used to mean the same as to swear like a trooper, and now, owing to the advance of education in the Army, it means a great deal more. But, leaving out the aristocracy as beyond competition, to whom should Mr. Lloyd George turn for his lesson in the decencies of controversial language? Should he turn to Sir Edward Carson, who, in the same speech in which he regretted that he was not paid to spit out dirt by the yard, showed us what he could do if he was paid, by dwelling on the Government's intention of sending "three or four hundred scabs or blacklegs into the House of Lords to do the dirty work of the Liberal Party"? Or should he learn from Mr. F. E. Smith the art of turning such phrases as the "toe-the-line Government," "the swashbuckler of Limehouse," "the alien band of polyglot free importers," and "the specialist in offal"? After these, it would be a come-down to imitate the artistic unveracity with which Mr.

Balfour cried at Nottingham, "We are governed by the log-rolling factions of men who care nothing for your Empire or for your country!" and at the Albert Hall, "Don't trust the American paymaster who is calling the tune!" We should rather advise him to go direct to the true source of these arts, the only begetter of these sonnets, and to learn by heart the leading columns of the last two numbers of the "Observer." There he will find exactly the kind of instruction he most requires: for the editor of the "Observer" is there appealing to "the quiet man," and we gather that it is the quiet man who is most distressed by the errors of Mr. Lloyd George's vituperative style.

For the benefit of "the quiet man," the editor of the "Observer" has described the Prime Minister as a mock Mahdi surrounded by dervish lieutenants; he has described the present crisis as an episode of humbug in convulsions, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the Mile-End mob-monger and the mummer of Limehouse; he has spoken of the mature Gorgonzola of Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric; he habitually speaks of the Irish as the Molly Maguires; he has described Mr. Redmond as the Dollar Dictator with his marionette Ministry, and as the Buffalo bagman; he has spoken of his Dollar-domination and his Dollar-driven conspiracy; he has spoken of Mr. Redmond's attempt to cattle-drive the constituencies; he has stated that the Dollar Dictator has wiped his boots upon the Government of grovel, and will finally wipe his boots upon the British flag; and, in prophetic rapture, he has exclaimed that a great people in anger knows yet how to spew out of its mouth the Dollar Dictator and his faction.

If Mr. Lloyd George is unable to improve the style of his invective on models like these, we give him up. Nothing more can help him. This is the style that his detractors desire him to emulate. Though one might have supposed it was enough to make "the quiet man" turn on his hearth-rug, this is the style that they love to read and utter. One thing only we question. We do not condemn the obvious and conscious falsity of every line. Vituperation, as we have seen, always involves an admixture of the lie. But it seems to us to overstep the decencies of slander when a man who, we believe, is familiar with the long story of Ireland's misery, and even claims an Irish descent, brings himself to write thus of the Irish people. Dollar Dictator and Molly Maguires! Has the editor of the "Observer" never read John Mitchel's account of Ireland as he saw it after the famine in 1847?

"A calm, still horror was over the land," wrote John Mitchel. "Go where you would, in the heart of the town or in the suburb, there was the stillness and heavy, pall-like feeling of the chamber of death. You stood in the presence of a dread, silent, vast dissolution. An unseen ruin was creeping round you. Human passion there was none, but inhuman and unearthly quiet."

And has the editor of the "Observer" never read that, while a million and a half of Irish people were dying of hunger, John O'Connell, the son of the Liberator, honestly, though we think, shamefully, thanked God in a public speech that he lived among a people who would rather die of hunger than defraud their landlords of the rent? Does he not know that in a single year, from the midst of that starving population, over forty million pounds' worth of food was exported to pay the rent, and the scandal was so hideous that even the "Times" condemned the landlords as "those who forget all duties, and forget all shame"? Let him, at least, recall the passage quoted in our columns last week, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor showed how the dollars of the Irish exiles were poured into Ireland year after year—£13,000,000 in sixteen years—not to advantage the poor holding on the bog or mountainside, not to raise its miserable tenants from the mire of inextricable poverty, but to be passed to another land as rent, and to maintain a pack of grasping absentees in their comfort. This is a well-worn commonplace to all who have even touched the surface of Irish annals. But that men who are familiar with all this should write of the Irish people as the editor of the "Observer" has written, simply on

the ground that Ireland has received an American contribution which is not destined for the hands of inexorable landlords, but for the country's enfranchisement from ancient and intolerable misrule—that appears to us an almost unequalled example, not, perhaps, of vituperation, but of baseness.

Excellent in other respects as the examples of the controversial style thus put before Mr. Lloyd George by his would-be instructors are assumed to be, perhaps he might spare a moment now and then to turn to the models of an earlier time. Let us take only three quite familiar instances, two of them, at least, derived from a master whose authority will be recognised by the fastidious gentlemen who have been giving the Chancellor of the Exchequer lessons in manners. The first is from Beaconsfield's speech at Knightsbridge, in 1878, in defence of the Convention of Constantinople, which Mr. Gladstone had described as an insane convention:—

"I would put this issue to an intelligent English jury," he said;—"which do you believe most likely to enter into an insane convention, a body of English gentlemen, honored by the favor of their Sovereign and the confidence of their fellow-subjects, managing your affairs for five years—I hope with prudence and not altogether without success—or a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign his opponents and to glorify himself."

It is mere "literature," as we say—a mere fashion of speech. Both the speaker and his audience knew that it contained so large an admixture of the lie as hardly to have enough truth to hold it together. And yet it is a fair example of vituperative art. Far finer, in our opinion, was Disraeli's famous picture of Mr. Gladstone's declining Government in 1872, when, speaking at Manchester, he said:—

"Extravagance is being substituted for energy by the Government. The unnatural stimulus is subsiding. Their paroxysms end in prostration. Some take refuge in melancholy, and their eminent chief alternates between a menace and a sigh. As I sit opposite the Treasury bench, the Ministers remind me of one of those marine landscapes not very unusual on the coasts of South America. You behold a range of exhausted volcanoes. Not a flame flickers upon a single pallid crest. But the situation is still dangerous. There are occasional earthquakes, and ever and anon the dark rumblings of the sea."

Again, it is mere "literature." Far from being an exhausted volcano, Mr. Gladstone was still many years removed from the most fiery period of his career. But, for the art of vituperation, how superb! It would be difficult to surpass that sentence, "Not a flame flickers upon a single pallid crest." Even Junius at a time when, in Burke's words, "King, Lords, and Commons were the sport of his fury"—even Junius could not beat it. But, as an example of the eighteenth-century manner, let us recall the opening sentences of his Letter to the Duke of Grafton:—

"If Nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable Minister that ever was employed, under a limited Monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a Minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding."

We might be drawn on to quote such passages from Burke as the closing sentences of his indictment of Warren Hastings, or from Swift, as that denunciation of Wood in the Drapier Letters:—

"One would almost think the very stones in the street would rise up in such a cause. And I am not sure they will not do so against Mr. Wood if ever he comes within their reach. It is a known story of the dumb boy, whose tongue forced a passage for speech by the horror of seeing a dagger at his father's throat. This may lessen the wonder that a tradesman hid in privacy and silence should cry out when the life and being of his political mother are attempted before his face, and by so infamous a hand."

But in Swift's invective for the cause of Ireland we have reached a different region, and different rules of art, from the vituperation of which the Conservative leaders and the Harmsworth Press have been offering us exam-

ples to imitate. Here we have risen from the mere "literature" of calling names to the terrible height of denunciation, and we are dealing with the utterances of an indignant spirit, implacable in the face of wrong, and goaded to its denunciation by the compulsion of truth alone.

THE DOCTRINE OF AN EXTREMIST.

HOWEVER perilous for action, the extremist is most serviceable in the world of thought. For, though the truth may rest in a central zone of calm, it can enjoy no security without a constant beating of the boundaries. Perhaps the mind of most men is so inert that only the challenge of an extreme position provokes it to thought upon the deeper problems. The whole-hearted followers of such men as Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Marx, Thoreau, Hinton, Whitman, G. B. Shaw (to take some typical extremists of various dimensions), have been extremely few, but their provocative and educative influence is immense. There are a few penultimate issues, which, taking some change of form or color from current events, continually perturb our minds below the surface of accepted creeds. The bold, dramatic restatement of these issues, so as to force them into the foreground of thought and feeling, is the function of the extremist. For such work dramatisation is essential. So long, for instance, as the relations between the spiritual and the material progress of humanity are envisaged in merely abstract general terms by philosophers or theologians, little reality, because little emotion, is imported into them. But when the issue takes concrete shape in the question of the attitude of the Christian Churches towards Social Democracy, a very different atmosphere of thought and feeling is generated. This is, indeed, one of the most obviously urgent issues for our time. For, regarding the Christian Churches as the chief organisations of the spiritual forces of our civilisation, we cannot fail to recognise their attitude towards that radical movement, which is everywhere striving for a swift transformation of the economic conditions of society, to be of supreme significance. This attitude has hitherto been one of sharp hostility, qualified by spasmodic tentative approaches. The revolutionary movement in politics and industry upon the Continent has been from the beginning, and is now, actively anti-clerical. So far as it has any accepted philosophy, it has been materialistic, in the sense of explaining the whole cosmic process by laws of physical action, and atheistic in the sense of excluding from this explanation the conception of any spiritual purpose emanating from a central or a universal will. In England this antagonism has been far less conscious and acute, partly because the democratic movement has been less revolutionary in its methods, partly from our national antipathy to the formulation of underlying principles. Nevertheless, the feeling of advanced reformers towards our orthodox creeds and Churches has usually been one of indifference or dislike. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that the great mass of Radical-Socialists, both of the Continent and of this country, regard the Churches, without much discrimination, as the moral mercenaries of the governing and possessing classes, devoted to the production and distribution of spiritual anodynes, with a weak diffusion of charity as a substitute for justice.

Various attempts have been made from the side of the Churches to bridge this chasm of feeling. In Germany, Austria, Italy, as in this country, churchmen have rediscovered the revolutionary doctrines of the Jewish prophets, of Jesus and of the early Churches, and have urged the modern Churches to assume the leadership of the great popular movement for reform and economic reconstruction. In this country, from the 'forties of last century, a fairly continuous current of this thought and sentiment has moved among certain sections of the broader and the higher churchmen, and at the present time is exceedingly widespread among the advanced members of the "Free" Churches. But Socialists, and advanced reformers in general, have looked upon Christian Socialism with contempt and

suspicion, as an endeavor, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the Churches, to capture and render innocuous the revolutionary movement. Such Socialism was only a secondary motive, sentimental, timid, and compromising. A study of the Christian Socialist movement, especially in the Roman Catholic Churches, gives much point to these suspicions. It was natural enough that the Church should entertain such dreams of reasserting her ancient political and economic sway, by converting trade unions and co-operative societies into religious guilds, and by placing its long centuries of state-craft at the disposal of the new forces of democracy, upon terms later to be disclosed.

Such approaches have been too timid, such offers of co-operation too hazardous. But is the gulf finally impassable? Is it impossible for the spiritual and the material forces of progress to join hands and march together to the reformation of society? This is the question which receives so bold and confident an answer in the writings of the Swiss preacher, Hermann Kütter, an able summary of which is presented, with an interpretative preface, by Mr. Richard Heath, under the title, "Social Democracy" (Letchworth Garden City Press). Hermann Kütter is a pastor of the Reformed Church, appointed by popular election to the ministry of the Neuminster of Zürich, whence his teaching is exercising a profound influence upon thought in Switzerland and Germany. In a series of eloquent pamphlets, one of which, "They Must," is very widely circulated in various Continental countries, he urges the Churches to take up the cause of Social Democracy, not out of sympathy with some of its views and aspirations, but because Socialism is Christianity. The interest of Mr. Heath's profoundly stimulating little volume consists in the enlargement and interpretation of this audacious proposition. His thesis is that though many Christian souls adhere to the Churches, as organisations the Churches have abandoned God and serve Mammon in His stead. They carry round, not a living, but a dead God, refusing, as they do, to help God to fulfil his purpose in the realisation of Humanity.

"Both Conservatives and the Christian Social Party fail to recognise the Living God in the Social Question. The former look for a new world at the Second Advent; they wish for a radical change, but they put it off until the end of the world. The latter are for a progressive reformation, and do not trouble about the future. The Socialists alone have comprehended that a new world is coming, and must come. They are not content with mere amelioration. They turn their eyes to a great future, attaching no importance to theories. They unite in themselves the characteristics of both Christian parties, faith with hope, prophecy with practical action. They speak of 'the impossible,' and at the same time work for the possible. They dream of a universal brotherhood, and meanwhile occupy themselves with the present interests of the poor. Enthusiasts and madmen in the eyes of many, they are effecting that which the 'judicious' have never yet accomplished. Full of strong and healthy vitality, they have the Living God." Look at the vital facts and forces of our history, Kütter insists; take for your tests the passions of justice and of pity, the widespread spirit of enthusiasm and self-sacrifice for the sake of ideals, you will find them no longer in the Churches, but in Socialism. But they are Atheists, Materialists, Revolutionists, Economists! Those who say this, however, look at mere formulæ, the intellectual trappings of doctrine and theory, not at Life. There is a divine irony in the ways of Providence. Is it wonderful that God, who chooses the weakones of this earth to confound the strong, should choose "Atheists" and "Materialists" for the fulfilment of his spiritual purposes? The Socialists' own understanding of what they are doing is, indeed, defective, the deeper, unconscious motive of this work is perplexed and injured by coarse interpretations and baser passions. But this, Kütter maintains, does not destroy the radical validity of their movement. Their very materialism they have accepted from the false teaching of the Churches, with their separatist conception of spirit and matter, and their injurious opposition

between this world and another. Defective as is the formulation of their policy and programmes, their work contains a true harmony of material and spiritual progress, for the abolition of poverty and the realisation of social justice are the prime conditions of a more spiritual conception of life.

Kütter's conviction of the divinity of Social Democracy robs him of all fears of revolutionary violence. For why should a movement so inspired be confined to slow processes of gradual amelioration? God is a Perfectionist, an Abolitionist, a Revolutionist! The slower-working laws of evolution he imposes upon geological or purely biological advances bind him no whit in the pace of his workings through the social will of man. It is not quite easy to understand exactly what Kütter wants, still less what he expects of the Churches. But we suppose him to require that they should break their alliances with, and their dependence on, the propertied classes, and become once more the Churches of the people, abandoning the false separation of sacred and secular, divine and human, and recognising in faith and fact the fundamental truth that Christianity consists in furthering all purposes of humanity on earth. But such general formulae, many churchmen, bitterly opposed to any sort of "Socialism," would gladly profess. The practical test, we imagine, comes in when the Churches are invited to join in active work for the "attack" upon the present distribution of property. This, be it remembered, was the gospel test of Christianity, which caused the rich young man to go away sorrowfully.

We commend the perusal of this little book of Mr. Heath, not because it contains a view of the relations of the Churches towards social reform that will commend itself to most readers as completely satisfactory. On the contrary, to most it will appear that Kütter idealises the spirit and working of Socialism, and unduly disparages the spirituality and disinterestedness of the Churches. But the book is noteworthy because it presents, more forcibly and fearlessly than any other we have seen, the reason why the present Churches are in this and other lands failing to interest and to inspire the lives of the masses of the people, who are thus driven more and more to seek the satisfaction of their dawning spiritual aspirations in associations devoted formally to the attainment of purely secular and material ends.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WAR.

THE reasoned campaign against war, which has been perhaps the most characteristic international aspect of the intellectual life of our generation, has hitherto progressed along two rather markedly divergent lines. There is first of all the Socialist case, which is heard all over Europe, in every civilised language, wherever the proletariat has an organisation or a platform. Its teaching is that militarism and war are in the modern world only phases of capitalist activity. They are part of the struggle to capture exclusive markets, to export capital which shall fructify abroad, and to enslave the laboring masses of weaker peoples. Behind every war and every foreign adventure, Socialism sees the financier, or the industrialist, or the loan-monger. The crabbed life of the barrack-room is at the same time a potent method of instilling into the wage-earning class a habit of obedience and an attitude of submission. The worker is taught to obey an officer of the possessing class, under penalties that recall a state of legal slavery, and the reflex motions that have taught him to move in step, to halt and manœuvre at the word of command, pass into the very substance of his brain. He learns in the name of patriotism to fire upon his comrades; and the striker of to-day, when the order of mobilisation has dressed him in his uniform, becomes the passive servant of capital to-morrow. It is an easy transition of thought which goes on in the extremer forms of this doctrine to denounce all patriotism as a fiction devised by the bourgeois to hypnotise the worker, sees in country only a step-mother, and views the fortunes of national conflicts with a profound indifference. The real tie, to the Socialist, is not that which unites men of all classes within a nation,

but rather the community of interest which links the workers across frontiers. Here is a consistent and a potent doctrine, which is working like leaven in every Continental barrack-room, and in every organised Socialist group. It influences men to vote, it fits itself into their whole theory of life, and in times of crisis it may yet induce them to do more than vote. The other line of argument has hitherto been a moral appeal—the characteristic attitude of the middle-class pacifist in all countries. It dwells on the egoism of war, pronounces it a contradiction to civilisation, paints its horrors and its cruelties, and summons men to a higher ideal of international relations. Tolstoy is its greatest prophet, but it is preached by men and women who are far from accepting its logical Neo-Christian position, in countless meetings, from even more numerous pulpits, and at congresses which meet year by year with a splendid optimism. The weakness of this ethical appeal is that it fails to do what the Socialist argument does. It does not regiment men in parties. It omits to make them an organised force. It is relatively powerless, because it does not connect itself with the interests and the principles which normally guide them in politics and influence their voting.

To these two lines of argument a third has been added within the past year, which enormously enhances their cogency and appeal. The Socialist may adopt it with entire approval, and it has been accepted also by men so little addicted to a revolutionary habit of thought as Sir Edward Grey and the German Ambassador. It has been stated with a vigor and cogency of terse and lucid argument which rank its author, with Cobden, amongst the greatest of our pamphleteers, perhaps the greatest since Swift. The little booklet in which Mr. Norman Angell embodied his economic argument against war has now been re-issued with some additional chapters, which complete its argument and reinforce its appeal ("The Great Illusion," Heinemann). We will not attempt once more to summarise its fresh and original pleading against war from an economic standpoint—the demonstration that no nation can hope to derive gain from conquest, since it cannot, under modern conditions, confiscate one acre of land, nor appropriate private fortunes; the remainder that it is a fallacy of language which pretends that a people "owns" its colonies or conquers its dependencies; the close analysis of the part which the elaborate international network of credit now plays in the life of nations, and the deduction that a war, by ruining the credit of the defeated people, must also strike at the prosperity of the conqueror. The argument is, in one sentence, that aggression does not pay, and when that is generally understood, defence will become superfluous. This line of argument is an appeal to enlightened self-interest, a call to rationalism in international relations, reasoned with a fervor, a simplicity, and a force which no political writer in our generation has equalled, and no master of our language has ever surpassed, unless, as we have said, it were Cobden.

But there remains, it will be said, the obstinate factor of "human nature." Is not the pugnacity of peoples, their jealousy, race hatred, malice, and covetousness, an element in the world's history which will perpetuate war? The world may change around us, but human nature remains immutably the same. Or another school will answer that war and struggle alone preserve the vitality and virility of mankind, and keep alive, as Moltke put it, its "idealism." War is part of the necessary struggle for existence. Mr. Angell's answer to these and kindred objections is not, perhaps, so original as the earlier half of his book. The ground has been covered by most pacifist writers before. Kropotkin has answered the biological fallacy, and Tolstoy the moral defence of war. But he marshals his answer with superb vivacity, and drives it home with a quiet but irresistible force. Human nature, after all, does change, and nothing changes so rapidly. It is as easy to conceive that mankind will leave behind it the covetous jingoism of to-day, as it is to realise that we are, after all, quit of cannibalism, that we no longer make war about religion, that we defend our

"honor" in Anglo-Saxon communities without the use of pistols and swords. The progress in civilisation is nothing else but a change in human nature, and there is a visible acceleration in the rate of change. There is, moreover, a hopeless contradiction among the advocates of war. The same writers who proclaim the immutability of human nature, and the inherent pugnacity of man, invariably declaim against the softness, the selfishness, the luxury, and growing lack of virility of their own race. Their case is always that pacifism is about to ruin their own race, while its neighbors, stern, strong, and manly, are preparing to take advantage of its weakness. The supreme joke of this reasoning is that it is used impartially by the militarist reaction in every nation. The "Spectator" proclaims it here, the "Temps" in France, Mr. Roosevelt in the States, and Prince von Bülow in Germany. The drift away from pugnacity is clearly universal. Nor, in another mood, do these same writers scruple to defend armaments and conscription as the only methods of securing peace. We are to idealise war because it alone can keep our blood young and fresh, and save us from the stagnation and decay of mercantilism and Cobdenism, and yet we are to arm because that is the one sure way of avoiding war. If war is a necessary factor of human life, and an indispensable field for the training of virtue, we clearly ought to arrange at least one first-class European war for every Great Power in each generation. And yet we are asked to perfect our armaments in the hope that we thereby avoid war altogether. But no one can seriously contend that the preparation for war has the same moral value as certain rare and romantic aspects of war itself. The dull and mechanical round of barrack life, its passive obedience, its brutalities, its corruptions—these are no substitute for the display of animal courage, the call to endurance, and the rare occasions of a finer heroism which the stricken field provides.

This is familiar ground, though we have never seen it covered with a surer step. More interesting, perhaps, because it is a bolder departure from orthodox political thinking, is the argument that the whole sentimental relation between peoples and States which may lead to war rests on a profound fallacy. Our quarrel is never with a nation, it is always with some party or class within a nation. If we had gone to war with Russia over the Hull incident, we should have been shooting down Russian reformers, who were themselves only too anxious to come to grips with the governing class which had affronted us by its insolence and its carelessness of human life. If we made war on Germany, it would be against Social Democratic privates that our men would be ranged, who have themselves the same grievance against the Prussian Junker caste. The plain fact is that frontiers are no longer the lines that divide. The same class in two nations has more in common than different classes within one nation. With that argument it seems to us Mr. Angell comes almost into touch with the line of reasoning with which we started. His appeal to rationalism is, in effect, an appeal to internationalism. States do not own their dependencies. They cannot aggrandise themselves by conquest. They are not the fundamental realities in a modern world. His argument is only incomplete because he has not yet undertaken a study of the private interests which do gain by war, and have a reason for provoking it. Free Trade is the commercial policy of the common good, but, undoubtedly, some private interests would gain by Protection. Peace is the international policy of the common good, but certainly some private interests may gain by war. A rationalistic case for peace must arm the plain citizen with a critical apparatus that will enable him to detect and sift the private influence that uses the voice of national sentiment and racial pride.

THE PERFECT VILLAGE.

"THE most beautiful village in England? It is S——." Everyone has his answer ready, though it varies infinitely from A—— to Z——. Usually it is the name of a

village that we know thoroughly. We know not only the aspect of the post-office, but the good lady who sells stamps in it one by one, not only the spring, summer, winter aspect of its woods, but many of the creatures it contains. We know the stream that threads it on a silver ribbon, the crayfish under its banks, the trout that haunt the old mill. Perhaps we know not only the church and the churchyard, but some of those that sleep there. But often the beautiful village is one that we have seen but once on a walking tour, or from a cycle. The motorist rarely sees it. He obliterates its roses with dust, scatters its children, graves hard lines of care on the faces of its wives and grannies. The happy and beautiful villages of England are reached now through tiny winding lanes, as though they had withdrawn there to be out of the way of the new traffic that has come on the high roads. The coaching villages have melted into the nearest towns, grown themselves into towns, or been uglified by the addition of incongruous buildings.

Everybody ought to have a favorite village. Perhaps everybody ought to be born in one, and after work elsewhere return to die in one. The verdict of the enthusiast in favor of his native place cannot, of course, be the last word. The discovery of the most beautiful is an adventure for the adult mind, and is, we suppose, an artistic rather than an emotional matter. In what time is the discovery complete? Does it come from a mere stroke of the eye, from an architectural perambulation, or from a sojourn of weeks or months? In a new book on "English Country Life" (Foulis), Mr. Walter Raymond shows how on the recommendation of a friend, who described it as "the most charming village in the country," he spent a year in Sutton. Where is Sutton? Not only will Mr. Raymond not say, but he states that we "need not hope to identify it. Within the limits of a county we may chance upon a dozen pleasant villages of the name. The gazetteer is full of them." We have just counted up the gazetteer for England and Wales, and find there are eighty-eight Suttons. We do not think we have seen three of them, including that one in Surrey where City people sleep. The Sutton of the book is:—

"A little village on a hillside richly timbered with ancient trees. In summer only the tall church tower and gables of the manor-house are to be seen. In winter, and before the bursting of the leaf, all its buildings may be discovered playing hide-and-seek behind the trunks of tall elms and sturdy oaks. The straight roof lines of its farms and homesteads are to be found and lost amongst the branches. The ancient tythe barn is well in sight. The fragment of the old priory wall looms dark under its load of overgrown ivy. . . . Behind the village rises a tall hill with a higher point in the shape of a cone. Below, a merry trout stream rushes along and dashes over a weir at the head of a still mill-pond, which mirrors the trees and half-hidden dwellings above."

Thank Heaven, there are far more scenes like that than there are Suttons in England. Mr. Wilfrid Ball illustrates the book with sixteen water-colours, of which only five give any clue to the identity of Sutton, the others being of genre or pure landscape. One reminds us of Great Baddow, just outside Chelmsford, another is like Chigwell in hither Essex, another like Bookham in Surrey, and the remaining two might be taken from almost anywhere in Buckinghamshire. The real, or perhaps the ideal, Sutton, is much further afield. It is in a country where they say, "It is so white as a hound's tooth," and "He did creaky and moany for all the world like a Christian," which places it somewhere in the direction of Dorsetshire. It is in the description of the people, rather than in the architectural presentation of Mr. Ball, that we get the idea of remoteness that belongs to the ideal village.

The ideal village would be compounded of many actual villages. Yet no committee of experts could for a moment hope to construct a village that would compare with one of those incomplete examples. The writer's best village, discovered at full age, considered for many years and seen in all seasons, has no old priory, no tythe barn, no gabled manor house, and is not smothered in trees. In the dark beech woods a stream is born. It runs down a valley of beech and larch, the sides of which are soon four hundred feet high and half-a-mile apart. There, mostly on the south-sloping bank, with the northern hill behind them, the houses are

spread. The woods retreat, the stream runs through the village to the meadows, above which are the rolling cornfields of the opening valley, closed along the western sky with more tree-crowned heights. The houses are mere whitewashed boxes, roofed with grey stone, and, generally, with dormer windows. The church is a mean one, but somewhat in the character of a Swiss church, and thus in keeping with the larch woods about. There is no hope of presenting it to the reader as he would come down the lane from the main road by the staircase of the woods, and see and hear and feel the beauty of our village through the greenery of the beeches.

There is no rookery in our village. Its immediate churchyard and most others, too, can be beaten within ten miles of London, at Theydon Garnon, in Essex. Martins are not particularly numerous or picturesque, but, if you want those, come two miles away and see their nests making a continuous cornice along the eaves, which are so low that a tall man could touch them with his hands. Martinville is rather high and dry. In another village not far away, the live water spouts from a stone crocodile at the head of the street, down the side of which it sparkles, with deepened basins at intervals, whence the people dip out crystal pailfuls. In the other direction, we discovered, in a bicycle run one day last summer, a string of villages, all highly beautiful. Coming down a long steep hill, thoughtfully labelled as the scene of "many accidents, one fatal," we came to Avening scattered up the slope away from the road, its pretty church in the midst of a family of houses. Up out of Avening, and soon after, down through a perfect cloister of beech woods, to Sapperton mill, with church and village high on the opposite bank looking at the matchless valley. Then on to Daglingworth, whose stream, almost a river, runs through orchards and past houses well bowered in gardens. We passed through three other villages that day, and were within reach of twice as many more, none of them improvable by a demolition or an addition, each with some feature of the ideal that the other had not, each worthy of many votes in an election for the most beautiful village in England.

The gazetteer identifies, of course, the writer's land of beautiful villages. The names had to be given because they are beautiful as the places. There are not eighty Avenings in England, and it is permissible to think that none but a beautiful village could secure that name. We doubt whether there are innately ugly villages with beautiful names. There are unlucky villages, like crystal-streamed Bishopstoke, that have had their charms spoilt by some great blacksmith's shop of civilisation. It is the hamlets amid the hills that are especially able to escape that fate. The hills name them, if not in the first name, then with some pretty descriptive affix, such as Stow-in-the-Wold, or Bourton-on-the-Water. Our village of the stone crocodile is called Compton-Abdale, as pretty a name as any novelist could invent. Swalecliffe is a magnificently church and romantic village (though upon the high road), almost at the centre of England. The beauty of its name is partly apparent, partly the secret of its intimate friends, for its pronunciation is Swaycliffe. Havering is within a cannon shot of London, though its almost ideal village green has to be discovered by excursion from the beaten track. In case its mere name should not be pretty enough, it has for full description Havering-atte-Bower. Sutton, perhaps, is a beautiful name. Many of the Suttons have extra names. Possibly the most charming of all these villages would be discovered by searching the gazetteer. It would be far more interesting to take pilgrimage to the whole eighty-eight and see which, if any, is "the most charming village in the country."

Art.

THE POST-IMPRESSIONISTS.—II.

IN my first article I tried to urge one or two points of general consideration about the group of painters shown

at the Grafton Galleries. I will now try to discuss the artists separately. And first let me admit, in reply to the flamboyant diatribes of those who wish to see me burned together with the pictures which I arranged with such effrontery to insult the British public, that the collection is far from being perfect as an expression of this movement in art. Anyone who has tried to collect so large a body of pictures in a short time will know how many accidental obstacles occur to prevent one's getting just those pictures on which one has most set one's heart, and how often in despair one has to accept a less perfect example of such and such an artist. One kindly critic is quite right in saying that there are too many Gauguins, and that there are Van Gogh's which it would have been most desirable to add. Then again, Matisse, owing to the absence of a well-known collector, is quite inadequately represented, and Picasso should have been seen in bigger and more ambitious works. But at least the exhibition has given an opportunity to the British public to judge of a great movement of which it had hitherto remained in almost total ignorance, and it has given Sir W. B. Richmond the opportunity to express publicly his shame at bearing the designation of artist. That is perhaps even more than one had ventured to hope.

Another confession—the Manets are not, on the whole, good examples, and perhaps establish an unfair comparison with Cézanne. I always admired Cézanne, but since I have had the opportunity to examine his pictures here at leisure, I feel that he is incomparably greater than I had supposed. His work has the baffling mysterious quality of the greatest originators in art. It has that supreme spontaneity as though he had almost made himself the passive, half-conscious instrument of some directing power. So little seems implied at first sight in his apparently accidental collocation of form and color, so much reveals itself gradually to the fascinated gaze. And he was the great genius of the whole movement; he it was who discovered by some mysterious process the way out of the cul-de-sac into which the pursuit of naturalism à outrance had led art. As I understand his art, and I admit it is exceedingly subtle and difficult to analyse—what happened was that Cézanne, inheriting from the Impressionists the general notion of accepting the purely visual patchwork of appearance, concentrated his imagination so intensely upon certain oppositions of tone and color that he became able to build up and, as it were, re-create form from within; and at the same time that he re-created form he re-created it clothed with color, light, and atmosphere all at once. It is this astonishing synthetic power that amazes me in his work. His composition at first sight looks accidental, as though he had sat down before any odd corner of nature and portrayed it; and yet the longer one looks the more satisfactory are the correspondences one discovers, the more certainly felt beneath its subtlety, is the architectural plan; the more absolute, in spite of their astounding novelty, do we find the color harmonies. In a picture like "L'Estaque" it is difficult to know whether one admires more the imaginative grasp which has rebuilt so clearly for the answering mind the splendid structure of the bay, or the intellectualised sensual power which has given to the shimmering atmosphere so definite a value. He sees the face of Nature as though it were cut in some incredibly precious crystalline substance, each of its facets different, yet each dependent on the rest. When Cézanne turns to the human form he becomes, being of a supremely classic temperament, not indeed a deeply psychological painter, but one who seizes individual character in its broad, static outlines. His portrait of his wife has, to my mind, the great monumental quality of early art, of Piero della Francesca or Mantegna. It has that self-contained inner life, that resistance and assurance that belong to a real image, not to a mere reflection of some more insistent reality. Of his still life it is hardly necessary to speak, so widespread is the recognition of his supremacy in this. Since Chardin no one has treated the casual things of daily life with such reverent and penetrating imagination, or has found as he has, in the statement of their material qualities, a language that passes altogether beyond their actual associations with common use and wont.

If Cézanne is the great classic of our time, Van Gogh represents as completely the romantic temperament. His imagination responds to the call of the wildest adventures of the spirit. Those who have laughed at this great visionary because he became insane, can know but little of the awful adventures of the imagination. That Rembrandt saw as far into the heart of pity and yet remained sane is true, but that should rather be imputed to Rembrandt as his supreme greatness and good fortune. To laugh at a less fortunate adventurer is to ignore the perilous equilibrium of such genius, to forget how rare it is to see God and yet live. To Van Gogh's tortured and morbid sensibility there came revelations fierce, terrible, and yet at times consoling, of realities behind the veil of things seen. Claiming his kinship with Rembrandt, Van Gogh became a portrayer of souls; souls of broken, rugged, ungainly old women like the "Berceuse," whose greatness yet shines in the tender resignation of her folded hands; souls of girls brutalised by the associations of utter poverty, and yet blazing with an unconscious defiance of fate. And souls of things—the soul of modern industrialism seen in the hard splendor of mid-day sun upon the devouring monsters of a manufacturing suburb; the soul of the wind in the autumn corn, and, above all, the soul of flowers. Surely no one has painted flowers like Van Gogh. We know how deeply Van Gogh's own predecessors of the seventeenth century sinned in their thick-skinned cleverness and self-assurance, using flowers as a kind of animate furniture. But modern European art has almost always maltreated flowers, dealing with them at best but as aids to sentimentality until Van Gogh saw, with a vision that reminds one of Blake's, the arrogant spirit that inhabits the sunflower, or the proud and delicate soul of the iris. The gibe of insolent egotism was never more misapplied than to so profound, so deeply-enduring a genius as Van Gogh's; for his distortions and exaggerations of the thing seen are only the measure of his deep submission to their essence.

Of Gauguin I find it harder to speak. With him one must make excuses and concessions if one is to be perfectly honest. Of his astonishing talent as a designer, his creation of new possibilities in pattern, and his unrivalled power of complex color harmony, these pictures tell plainly enough, and to that I must add a real sense of nobility and elemental simplicity of gesture, and at times a rare poetic insight. But I do not always feel sure of the inner compulsion towards the particular form he chooses. I cannot shake off an occasional hint of self-consciousness, of the desire to impress and impose; in fact, of a certain rhetorical element. The mere statement of this seems to exaggerate it; perhaps it only means that he is a Parisian, and that certain turns of his whimsical wit strike us as having a tinge of perversity. Yet all this must be unsaid before his greatest designs, before the touching and entirely sincere "Agony in the Garden," before his "L'Esprit veille," with its sympathy with primitive instincts of supernatural fear and its astounding physical beauty, before landscapes of such fresh and rare beauty as No. 44a, and perhaps, above all, before his splendid flower-piece, No. 31.

I know that to dismiss Gauguin thus is unfair, but space is wanting to deal with so much new material fully. Henri Matisse is, as I have said, but poorly represented. As I understand him, he is an artist not unlike Manet, gifted with a quite exceptional sense of pure beauty—beauty of rhythm, of color harmony, of pure design; but at the same time perhaps a little wanting in temperament, without any very strong and personal reaction to life itself, almost too purely and entirely an artist. The "Femme aux yeux verts" strikes me as a more convincing and assured creation every time I see it. To my eye, it appears singularly perfect in design, and at once original and completely successful in the novelty, frankness, and bravery of its color harmony. In his drawings, of which a considerable number are shown, he proves I think, beyond doubt his masterly sense of rhythmic design and the rare beauty of a handwriting which, in its directness and immediacy, reminds one more of Oriental than European draughtsmanship. That the plastic feeling in painting is by no means dependent upon

light and shade, but may be aroused quite as surely by line and color, might be guessed indeed from his paintings, but is made evident by the examples of his bronze statuettes. Whatever one may think of his figure, "Le Serf," as an interpretation, it cannot be denied that it shows a singular mastery of the language of plastic form.

Picasso is strongly contrasted to Matisse in the vehemence and singularity of his temperament. In his etching of "Salome" he proves his technical mastery beyond cavil, but it shows more, a strange and disquieting imaginative power, which comes at times perilously near to the sentimental, without, I think, ever passing the line. Certainly, in the drawing of the "Two Women" one cannot accuse him of such a failing, though its intimacy of feeling is hardly suspected at first beneath the severity of its form. Of late years Picasso's style has undergone a remarkable change, he has become possessed of the strangest passion for geometrical abstraction, and is carrying out hints that are already seen in Cézanne with an almost desperate logical consistency. Signs of this experimental attitude are apparent in the "Portrait of M. Sagot," but they have not gone far enough to disturb the vivid impression of reality, the humorous and searching interpretation of character.

One or two of the younger artists must just be mentioned here: Othon Friesz appears in the three canvases here shown as inclining towards Impressionism, but he has carried over much that he has learned in his more synthetical designs; his color has an extraordinary gaiety and force, and he shows how much more vivid to the senses and imagination are interpretations of sunlight like these than anything achievable by direct observation.

Vlaminck is a little disconcerting at first sight, by reason of the strangely melancholy harmonies he affects, but he has the power of inventing admirably constructed and lucid designs, a power which is perhaps even more clearly seen in his paintings upon *faïence*. I would call special attention to these, since, if the group of artists here exhibited had done nothing else, their contribution to modern art would be sufficiently striking, in that they have shown the way to the creation of entirely fresh and vital pattern designs, a feat which has seemed, after so many years of vain endeavor, to be almost beyond the compass of the modern spirit.

ROGER FRY.

Present-Day Problems.

HOW A TWO-SHILLING CORN DUTY WOULD WORK.

EVER since Mr. Chamberlain somewhat rashly admitted that "if you want to give a Preference to the Colonies, you must put a tax on food," the threat of dear food has been the great stumbling block in the way of the Tariff Reformer. Do what he will, he cannot overcome the determined opposition of the town workman to a tax on bread. On other things he may secure attention, or even make converts. Absurd as it is, the Tariff Reformer's "remedy" for unemployment could secure the attention and raise the hope of the workless laborer, who, at least, knew that Free Trade had left him without employment or wages. The general anti-foreign inspiration of the movement too appealed, often not in vain, to the pugnacious element in the crowd, ready enough to believe that "the foreigner" is getting the best of us, and determined that, whatever happens, John Bull must come out on top.

But, though a crowd may not be able to reason clearly, and may, thus, be readily liable to deception in matters not obvious in themselves, there is a germ of common sense in average humanity strong enough to preserve it from the mere absurdities into which their very cleverness may lead politicians. From the first, I believe, the vast majority of the people has seen quite clearly that the object of protective taxes is to raise prices, and, as the British working man—and his wife, for that matter—emphatically objects to dearer food, the Tariff Reformer has never been able to make Colonial Preference popular.

That the Tariff Reformers themselves feel this, is abundantly clear from their frantic attempts to persuade the people that a tax on foreign wheat will not raise prices. The candidates at South Shields and Walthamstow clearly felt the weight of the unpopular tax, and one of them has given his opinion that it will be necessary to prove to the people that Tariff Reform would cheapen, rather than increase, the price of food. Mr. Wyndham, speaking at Manchester, suggests an easier way out of the difficulty. The thing is to be treated, not as a matter of argument, but as one of faith. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have "signed their names to documents" promising that Tariff Reform shall not raise the cost of food. Under these circumstances, it would seem, it is sheer blasphemy to doubt it, and mere economic argument is superfluous.

I do not think that this political confidence trick is likely to be very successful with the bulk of the people. Most people have thoroughly made up their minds that Protection would increase prices, and that it is meant to do so; and the majority even of those who support Tariff Reform do so because they hope for some compensating good along with the admitted evil. Nevertheless, a tolerably extensive experience of Free Trade meetings convinces me that there are a good many people who have actually come to believe that, by taxing foreign corn, we could so develop Canadian wheat-growing that our supply of wheat would actually be greater than ever, and that, in consequence, the price of it would actually fall in our markets.

One needs, perhaps, to be as subtle as Mr. Balfour, or as far removed as he from that condition of life in which any rise in the price of the loaf is a calamity, if one is not instinctively to perceive the absurdity of it all. If we are not to accuse virtually the whole of the Tory candidates, however, of being, as Mr. Wyndham phrases it, "unfit associates of gentlemen," we must believe that they have accepted the pledges given by Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain in all good faith. Everywhere Tariff Reformers are telling us that a tax on foreign corn will not raise prices, because it will "stimulate the production of the Empire," and "the possibilities of the Empire are limitless."

Doubtless, they believe this, and where a sound "will to believe" exists already, I can vouch for it they sometimes persuade others. Tariff Reformers recognise now that, unless they can persuade the townsmen that food will not rise in price, their case is hopeless, and this is their last desperate effort to conceal from themselves, and the people, the unwelcome truth. It is, perhaps, worth while, therefore, to deal with the economic fallacy involved.

First of all, absurdly false as it is, this quaint notion is based on a truth. When you raise the price of a commodity, you necessarily stimulate its production. The Free Trader, then, is not concerned to deny that the imposition of a two-shilling import duty on foreign corn would actually tend to increase the quantity grown within the Empire. The increase in the price of wheat on the world's markets which has taken place during recent years is, no doubt, the main factor in the rapid development of Canadian and Argentine corn lands. If, then, through the working of a preference, the Canadian corn grower could obtain a higher price for his crop in our market, this artificially produced increase would tend just as much as a natural one to promote corn growing in Canada. But the essential condition, on which alone "preference" could stimulate corn growing, in the Colonies or at home, to any degree whatever, is that the pledge of Mr. Chamberlain and of Mr. Balfour should be broken. "Preference" must cause a rise in price if "Preference" is to stimulate Imperial production. Here, as elsewhere, Tariff Reform can only fulfil one promise, to promote corn-growing within the Empire, by breaking another, not to increase the price of corn in the home market. Which would it keep? Certainly corn would rise in price, and, as I hope speedily to show, to the full extent of the duty. When the Tariff Reformers succeed in pointing to any corn market in the world, on any day they like to choose, where the price quoted for wheat varies at all with the destination for

which it is bought, they will, for the first time, have done something to confute the argument of Free Traders, that an import-tax is borne by the buyers. Yet everyone knows that the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, and the Italian can buy wheat for cash on any export market in the world for the same price free on board, the question of the duty to be paid on its arrival in any of these countries being entirely a matter of indifference to the seller. Thus, when last year, owing to the abundant harvest in France, French prices for wheat fell so low that it was impossible to pay the duty on imported corn, and sell in competition with home-grown produce, the French buyer simply disappeared from the export corn markets for a time. When, and only when, the French price rose sufficiently above the price in Britain to permit of it, purchasers for France again appeared in the export corn markets, buying corn free on board at exactly the prices, quality for quality, and terms for terms, paid by any British buyer. In fact, the Frenchman gets no foreign corn until he is prepared to pay the full amount of the duty he has chosen to impose on himself.

If, then, we imposed a two-shilling duty on foreign wheat, it is easy to forecast the probable course of events. If, at the time of imposition, the market happened to be glutted with corn grown within the Empire, and hence not subject to the duty, the immediate rise in the home price might be small, and, at all events, it would then be less than the duty. So long as this was the case, however, there would be little or no encouragement to wheat cultivation in the Colonies, and what encouragement there was would be exactly proportionate to the rise in price, however small. This state of things could not continue very long, however. The annual surplus of Indian and Colonial corn is nothing like sufficient to supply our needs, and, before long, we should have to resume buying on foreign markets. We could only do this when we were prepared to pay the same price as other buyers; in other words, when the home price had risen high enough to permit of merchants paying the world's price free on board, the freights and charges to Britain and the two-shilling duty into the bargain.

It is obvious that the Tariff Reformers' pledge would already be broken in the sense in which the average elector will understand and is intended to understand it. Whatever might ultimately happen as the result of future increases stimulated by the preference to corn-growing in the Empire, the particular electors whose suffrages had been asked for on the promise that their food will not cost them more would actually be faced with an immediate or early increase in wheat prices to the full extent of the duty. It remains only to deal with the probable later effects of "Preference," after the stimulus of higher prices had time to react on the production of the Empire itself.

Nowhere, perhaps, do we come across a more striking example of the vagueness, the want of touch with reality, on which Tariff Reform thrives than in this project of making the Empire self-supporting in the matter of food-supply by means of a two-shilling duty on foreign wheat! Tariff Reformers seem to have no idea that such a duty, if a stimulus to Colonial corn-growing—at the cost of dearer wheat at home—is a stimulus perfectly definite in extent. The defender of "Preference" points to the enormous area of the Canadian Dominion, claiming, with the utmost confidence, that, within that continent, we could grow more corn than we could possibly consume. He seems to have no idea that the total area of Canada is altogether beside the point. What we have to consider is not how much land there is in the Dominion, but how much there is

(1) That would be brought into cultivation by a two-shilling rise in the price of wheat in Britain, and

(2) That would remain undeveloped if no such rise took place.

Assuming that wheat bought on the world's markets can be sold in London at 30s. a quarter, that price will serve to bring into cultivation any land in Canada on which wheat can be grown profitably to sell at that price.

In order to obtain this result, no "Preference" is needed, and we can always rely upon a steady development, not only of Canada, but of every other exporting corn land, up to a point at which further development would mean loss instead of profit. When the price of wheat rises, it becomes profitable to bring under cultivation land further from the railway, or less fertile, than before; but the amount of land it is possible so to cultivate is strictly limited, not by the total amount of land in the country, but by the extent of that part on which it will only pay to grow wheat at the advanced price. As soon as this is grasped, it becomes obvious that a two-shilling duty on foreign wheat and a two-shilling rise in British prices can, in themselves, be the cause only of a very small extension of Canadian wheat-growing. It is only, at the best, a question of bringing under cultivation, rather sooner than would otherwise be the case, some very moderate acreage of land. The vast acreage of the Dominion "hundreds of miles from anywhere" has nothing to do with the question. If Canada were ten times as large as it is, a two-shilling-a-quarter preference would probably not increase its output to any greater extent; if it were a quarter the size, the stimulus would most likely produce little less.

Realising the extent of the stimulus to be expected from "Preference," then, and admitting that it would probably have the effect of bringing a slightly greater amount of Canadian wheat into our market, let us examine what reason, if any, there is to expect from this an ultimate reduction of prices down to or below the Free Trade level—viz., the world's price *plus* freight and necessary charges. To do this, "Preference" must first negate itself. The Colonial wheat-grower, tempted into cultivation by the prospect of higher prices, must be disappointed. But when this happens, if it ever does, "Preference" will cease to be a stimulus. No new land will be brought under cultivation because of the preference; though, of course, granting the success of "Preference" up to this point, there will be an additional amount of Colonial corn in the market.

Were such a condition as this to come about, however, it would not be long before "Preference" would react upon the supply of foreign wheat. The increased supply of Canadian wheat, for instance, would bring down the market in Montreal to such an extent that, for the time being, it would be no longer possible for British importers to buy in New York or Russia. No one would buy any foreign corn so long as Colonial could be imported cheaper. The assumption is ludicrous as the result of a two-shilling preference, but if Colonial corn-growing really were so developed that, through the competition of farmers within the Empire, the British market were long supplied below the world's price plus the duty, there would, inevitably, be a complete cessation of British demand for foreign corn. The consequence can be readily seen. On the one hand, "Preference" would have ceased to stimulate Colonial corn-growing; on the other, the fall-off in the British demand would check the expansion of Argentine and other extra-Imperial corn-lands. "Preference" could not, in the long run, increase the world's supply of wheat.

But obviously it is, in the last resort, on the world's total supply, not on the Colonial surplus alone, that the price of wheat in our market depends. The price of wheat, in any market at a given time, is a measure of the cost of bringing thither that portion of the total supply which comes from the most distant places, or is grown from the most unfavorable soils. Only if you raise the price sufficiently to remunerate the farmer can you bring under cultivation more distant, or less fertile, lands. Colonial Preference might thus widen the cultivated area within the Colonies, but only by raising the price to a profitable rate. If, for any reason, prices fall again, two things must inevitably follow, and continue until prices had regained their higher level:—

(1) The Colonial land developed by the "preference" would now no longer pay, and would gradually go out of cultivation, and

(2) Land "on the margin" in Argentina and

other foreign cornfields would cease to grow corn for which there was no demand.

We should, thus, be in a position from which we started, in so far as total supply was concerned. Less of it, no doubt, would be grown in foreign countries, and more within the Empire; but this result would only be brought about by permanently shifting the margin of cultivation to lands where the cost of production was two shillings a quarter higher than need be, with the effect of making our markets for corn permanently dearer by that amount.

BROUGHAM VILLIERS.

Letters to the Editor.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of November 19th, Mr. Fry gave a temperate and most interesting defence of the art of the Post-Impressionists. Without wishing to associate myself in any way with the somewhat hysterical denunciations of these painters, which have appeared elsewhere, I should like to state—if possible as temperately as Mr. Fry—why their position seems to me untenable. The main idea of this new school is to return to the primitive, to get behind the mass of conventional symbol and facile representation which has grown up since the Renaissance, to start over again from where Cimabue started, and express the great truths of art in the simplest and most direct way possible. I do not think anyone will deny that this aim is in every way an excellent one, but I contend that these artists have chosen the wrong way of setting to work. They have seen the crudity of primitive technique, and that crudity they have endeavored to bring back. I hardly think that Mr. Fry is consistent in his statement of this fact. "They have," he says, "as it were, stumbled on the principles of primitive design out of a perception of the sheer necessities of the situation." Then, later on—"Many of these artists have already proved themselves accomplished masters in what is supposed to be the more difficult task of representation. That they have abandoned the advantage which that professional skill affords is surely rather a sign of the sincerity of their effort in another direction." Now, definite abandonment of one technique for another is hardly "stumbling," and it is with this very consciousness of primitivism that I have to quarrel. The power of Cimabue is not his defective technique. It is the vast force of feeling lying behind it. His passionate belief in his art struggles into expression—defective enough, it is true, but which, nevertheless, is a powerful medium. Standing before the great Madonna in Santa Maria Novella—I hope that, for the sake of argument, I may cling to the old attribution to Cimabue—one feels that one is face to face with the essential fact in all great religions, an intense, vibrating belief. The crazy perspective, the shallow flesh-tones, the absence of chiaroscuro are lost in the inherent power of the picture. But to reproduce the form without the feeling would lose all the marvel of the work. Did van Gogh burn with the same passion when he painted his boulevard as Cimabue when he painted his Madonna? What feeling has Othon Friesz put into his "paysages préhistoriques" to compare with the fervor of Duccio or Simone Martini? They are like twentieth-century Elizabethans trying to catch the secret of Shakespeare by imitating his language. "If only an artist has genuine conviction," says Mr. Fry, "he rarely lacks sufficient skill to give it expression." But the limits of thirteenth-century skill are not those of to-day, and, while Cimabue painted as coherently as ever he could, the Post-Impressionists purposely paint with an assumed ineptitude.

Just the same applies to the argument drawn from the child, which, though not quoted by Mr. Fry, is a perfect parallel to the case for Italian primitivism. The child draws a cow as correctly as ever it can, but its cow is not superior to the cow of a trained adult just because the capacity is less. If that were so we should all talk baby-talk to the day of our deaths and write books in words of one syllable. Also, the child's choice of colors is partly

limited by the small selection at its disposal, partly dictated by a haphazard desire for a bright decorative effect. When it paints a roadway green and trees pink, it does not do so because its conception of a road is green or because trees suggest pinkness to mind. To select as a model ideas so unformed, or choice of color so arbitrary, cannot be seriously taken as an advance towards the highest expression. If the Post-Impressionists can feel as intensely as Cimabue, their pictures will be as great as his; but they will not find expression in archaistic and purely casual coloring.

Finally, may I dispute Mr. Fry's statement that those artists "represent the latest and most successful attempt" to revive the beauty of barbaric and primitive art? What they have tried to do is already being done by Augustus John. Nirvana, the Infant Pyramus, and hundreds of drawings by this artist have revived the directness and simplicity of primitivism more than any Post-Impressionist picture I have yet seen. And John has done this without a violent reaction from the art of his time. He is a development, whereas Post-Impressionism is an open breach. He is the "bud which undermines the autumn leaf," but which is grown from the same sap. Surely, Cézanne and his followers are the "mud and frost," or, at any rate, the wood-cutter, who destroys one tree and plants another. It will be time to cut the tree down when it is dead. I think the New English Art Club shows that this is not yet the case.—Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL SADLER.

Oxford, November 30th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Everything which has been said by Sir W. B. Richmond and Sir Philip Burne-Jones, following upon Mr. Robert Ross's strong attack, in the columns of the "Morning Post," upon the exhibition of the so-called Post-Impressionists at the Grafton Galleries, is, I think it will be generally conceded, more than justified.

That such an exhibition could be held in London, and with the support of Sir Charles Holroyd and Mr. Lionel Cust, gives cause for serious reflection, and ought not to be passed lightly over. Probably Sir Charles, who, happily, was not on the Executive Committee, would have withdrawn his name had he seen the "works" which were being sent from Paris. To a painter this collection resembles closely the productions which emanate from Benin City or the drawings cut upon cocoanut shells by the natives of tropical islands—they are scarcely worthy of comparison with the Early Egyptian paintings. It is impossible to take them seriously. Any child of tender years could spot a canvas over with red, blue, yellow, and black—depict flowers of a shape and hue unknown to Nature, or draw and color figures which one might guess to be intended to represent human beings; but to exhibit such productions seriously! What do these canvases really show? They reflect the debasement of the lives of the painters living in the Gay City. If there is any "impression" produced, it is one of infinite sadness that Art should be dragged so low. To think of the great art of which France was so justly proud—the calm, true reflections of the lives of the peasantry, lovingly depicted by J. F. Millet, and then to look at these! What does Mr. Roger Fry mean? Where are the "emotional ideas" in these daubs? There are none, absolutely none, nothing but the base negation of all that was great in the past. To look at the nude studies is, if possible, even more painful. If anyone, willing to waste a shilling, wishes to see how low an artist can sink, let him look at No. 194, let him look also at Nos. 157 and 159, and he will wonder greatly that such drawings should ever see the light. If English art is not to be dragged in the mud, if we are to uphold the great traditions of the past—not blindly, but accepting all that is good, all that is true, all that has behind it a high ideal wrought with the infinite labor of love, such exhibitions as this must cease, for disease and pestilence are apt to spread. I venture to think that neither painters nor the public will listen to the cobwebs of words which may be put together in praise of the product of diseased minds, for, let us hope, the great mass of the people are as yet sane.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT MORLEY.

The Dial House, Frensham,
November 30th, 1910.

"ANDREW BALLADINO."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—May I be permitted to point out that the humorous author of the article headed "Andrew Balladino," in *THE NATION* of November 12th, has joyously misreported the title, the purpose, and the contents of my little book. The title is not that which he appends in a foot-note to the witty heading of his article. It is untrue that I would have my readers believe "that Scott was afflicted with an ague of scrupulosity every time that he laid hands upon a Border ballad." On the other hand, I complain that Scott was not nearly so scrupulous as the contemporary opinion of Ritson and our own ideas of editorial functions demanded and demand. Every student of ballad-lore knows that Scott professedly made up mosaics, ballads patched from various texts and recitations; study of his MSS. proves that he added *juncturae* of his own making; and, to two ballads, he probably, to judge by internal evidence, contributed stanzas of his own invention. My essay on "Otterburne" displays his usual method; my essays on "Kinmont Willie" and "Jamie Telfer" show the passages which, as far as I can determine, are of his own invention. But your critic actually declares that I "argue to the extent of nearly one hundred and sixty pages . . . to prove that 'Auld Maitland' is traditional." If he will honor me by glancing at my list of contents (I do not ask for research extended to my Preface), he will see that his allegation is absolutely baseless. Only one essay out of, I think, six (I have no copy of the book), is concerned with the problem of "Auld Maitland"; the others deal with other subjects—and the critic does not know it.

Again, the critic says that "the exact position of 'Auld Maitland' can never be decided from internal evidence alone." No, but I argued from *external* evidence; from the original MS., written by Hogg before he had even seen Scott, and from a series of contemporary letters, some hitherto unpublished in the essential passages. Next, "it really does not matter one way or the other." It matters to this extent: (1) the suggestion has been published that Scott, with Hogg, forged the ballad; whence it follows that Scott, in a series of letters to his friends, deliberately lied; saying that he had obtained the ballad—as I prove beyond possibility of doubt that he *did* obtain it. It also matters, because (2) I hope I have made it as certain as such a thing can be that the ballad is traditional. I do not think that Scott would be either "astonished or amused" by my proof that he did not lie to his private friends about a matter as interesting to them and to himself as it is indifferent to your critic. I did not dream of writing for the man in the street; or for any but a very small circle of students of the ballads and lovers of Border legends. Of Mr. Child's monumental work on the ballads only 1,000 copies were published (your accurate critic says that it "is limited to some 300"), and I presume that the book was bought mainly in America and Germany. Your critic says that Colonel Elliot maintains that Scott "saw through the old lady and the blind farmer." Colonel Elliot, I am sure, had heard no more of a "blind farmer" in connection with this case than I have. The only farmer concerned was Scott's friend, William Laidlaw, as is shown in my book. If these matters interest only "les pédants" ("pédants" is probably intended), then let "les pédants," or nobody, write reviews of books on such topics.

As your critic drags my book on Jeanne d'Arc into the fray, I may remark that it has received the kindest welcome from all the great French historical Reviews.—Yours, &c.,

A. LANG.

Alleyne House, St. Andrews,
November 25th, 1910.

"THE POETIC BASIS OF MUSIC."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. Ernest Newman's article on Elgar's violin concerto in last week's *NATION*.

Mr. Newman's writings are instructive and stimulative, and always of importance to those who really care for questions of art, but sometimes he runs his pet theories to death.

For instance, after saying "We do not want a formal programme" (even Mr. Newman begins to see that Strauss, in his "Domestic Symphony," has made the whole "programme" business ridiculous and, in fact, given it its death-blow), he goes on to tell us that he hopes that composers will soon have the courage to show us a little more of the true working of their minds. It will be good for them, for us, and for aesthetics.

I venture to doubt whether it will be anything of the sort. Why should we want to know anything about the composer's mind? Is it not quite sufficient that he reveals his mind, or rather his ideas and feelings, in his music?

I don't want to see the scaffold poles when I can have the edifice. Surely in many ways music expresses feelings, emotions, ideas, even far more intimately than any mere words! The contemplation of nature, of the life and mind of man, sets going in the composer's mind a train of musical ideas, and he produces an art-work which has for its basis this external stimulus.

He sees, for example, a sunset. This music expresses (let us say) the deep mysterious longing which he felt in the presence of nature. Why should he label this "Reflections upon seeing a sunset"?

If he communicates to me in his music the same feeling which he received from the original source of his emotion, what possible interest can it have for me to be told that a sunset is the "poetical basis" of what I have been listening to? Because there may be people to whom the music would appeal intimately, and the aforesaid sunset not at all. How then could the "label" help them?

Mr. Newman's idea panders to the non-musical person, to whom music makes no appeal as such, and who must be told that the work means so and so, before he can begin to understand it. I don't understand why Mr. Newman should go about trying to conciliate the philistines. If he believes that music cannot make its own appeal, let him say so frankly, and have done with it. But he doesn't say it, because he doesn't believe it.

The fact is, Mr. Newman is a very clever performer with words, as well as a very well informed musical critic, and he affects not to believe that music can say a great many things that it is not in the province of language to convey, and that the composer's duty is not to convey his thoughts by words (as Mr. Newman so cleverly does) but by his music alone.

If Mr. Newman were to have his way, every fifth-rate composer would be showing us the "true working of his mind," and also the poverty-stricken nature of his "genius." This, I take it, would be good neither for him, nor us, nor aesthetics. Fancy the poor composers dragged up before the judgment-seat of the critic. "What did you mean by this, sir?" "Please, sir, I didn't mean anything"; and then the castigation that would follow!

Really, it is rather a pity that Beethoven took the trouble to explain the "poetic basis" of the Sixth symphony. We should have enjoyed the music every bit as well without the explanation. Do not we now enjoy the "C minor" despite the lack of explanation? And it is amusing to see how critics try to explain the finale of the "Eroica," as if their explanation mattered in the least to the hearer's enjoyment of the music. No, it is only the second-rate minds that want their music explained, the great minds can convey their meaning without any extraneous help. Mr. Newman is a very clever and ingenious writer, and it amuses him to give out these ideas, but music is itself an expression of the artist's mind, and I would rather have the artist's conception than any talk about it or round about it, and I am quite sure that thousands of music-lovers are of my opinion.—Yours, &c.,

H. WATSON SMITH.

Longlands House, Stourbridge,
November 29th, 1910.

THE CASE AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You ask what is the reason for 15,000 people signing a memorial against the hanging of Crippen. It can hardly be the question of his guilt, nor can it, as you write, be the individual case, being

not "interesting," but simply a most cold-blooded murder, that has caused all these people to petition for a reprieve. No, it is evidently a revolt, as you surmise, against the death penalty. It is astonishing how long laws are allowed to remain on the Statute Book after public opinion has for generations prevented them ever being put in force. But in the case of the law of capital punishment for murder, where, as you say, if by chance the penalty were always enforced there would be a sacking of the gaols, is it not time to remove this barbarous and ineffective penalty from our Statute Book?

The object of our system of law is to prevent crime and to try and reform the criminal. The latter part is impossible if the State kills him, and the detention in prison for life or a long period as a certainty would probably be much more preventive than the present great uncertainty as to what the law will do with a person who commits a murder.

When countries with no capital punishment have no more murders in proportion to their population than our country, then I say there is no justification for the death penalty being retained.

You quote the judge who was determined that no woman brought up before him for murdering her infant child should ever be hanged. But why make this State official solemnly put on his black cap and tell the woman that she is to be hanged by the neck till she is dead, when he knows the real truth?

I have often thought, with you, that if the judge had to do the hanging, hangings would cease.

The position of the hangman in the public mind seems to indicate plainly the "appreciation" by people generally of what the State is employing him to do. The more the responsibility for taking human life in the name of the State—quite unnecessarily, as I maintain—is brought home to each one of us, the sooner will this barbarous penalty be abolished.—Yours, &c.,

R. R. MEADE-KING.

West Derby, Liverpool,
November 27th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think the death sentence can be seen from a point of view different from those which have been so eloquently pointed out in the latest numbers of THE NATION.

It will appear to one that there is something of unconscious hypocrisy in those who prefer the punishment of life-imprisonment to that of death. To imprison a man for life instead of killing him reminds one of the medieval distinction that was made in executing death sentences on persons of different sexes: the man was beheaded, the woman—*pro honore muliebri*—buried alive. Both in hanging and in life-imprisonment you inflict on the prisoner the greatest evil you can inflict on him, and the difference is that in one case you are obliged to realise to your own mind the expiring life, whilst in the other case the sufferings of the prisoner remain hidden from the world.

And then, what is the value, to the prisoner himself and—chiefly—to humanity, of such an imprisoned life? I venture to say that to a refined manly taste the idea of the eternal enclosure of a living being is more disgusting than the taking of his life.—Yours, &c.,

POUL SKADHAUGE.

Copenhagen, November 29th, 1910.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I ask, through your columns, a military or naval member of the Executive Committee of the National Service League the following question:—

"In the event of the scheme of compulsory training advocated by the League receiving the assent of Parliament, and becoming the law of the land, is it contemplated to allow meetings to be held throughout the country at which commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the new force and members of the rank-and-file will be permitted to attend to discuss with the civilians present, and on the same terms, questions of discipline, organisation, and administration,

with a view to raising a spirit of revolt against the law and reverting to the old order of things, or in some way bringing about changes with a view to destroying the practice of compulsion?"

It is obvious that a reply from a Bishop, the Editor of the "Spectator," a Very Rev. Dean, a lady member of the General Council, or a civilian M.P. can have no validity or binding force; as, in the event of the introduction of compulsion into our military system, these good people would have no *locus standi*.

Now, readers may safely postulate this, that, if no answer is made, the military members have proved their honesty by refusing to say "Yes," when they mean "No," and the refusal to permit such meetings is the avowal of the conscriptive nature of the League's scheme, and conscription is the very basis of the structure the aristocracy are eager to erect within which to bind the freedom of the British nation.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRIMSHAW HAYWOOD,
Lieutenant-Colonel (retired).

November 28th, 1910.

THE DREAD OF SINGLE-CHAMBER GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne, in his Glasgow speech, did not respond to Mr. Lloyd George's challenge to him to show how a Free Trade minority could set a Referendum in motion on such a Tory innovation as a Tariff Reform Bill. The "Spectator" affirms that this difficulty could perfectly well be got over by enacting that a substantial minority in the House of Commons—say, not less than one-third of that body—might demand it. Does this not suggest that the House of Lords could be altogether dispensed with, and that the House of Commons could be prevented from passing unpopular measures by chance majorities or hasty legislation by one simple reform, viz., that no Bill be passed in the elected Chamber unless supported by members in a proportion of not less than three to one? This would lead to the House of Commons reforming *itself*, and so becoming more and more accurately representative of the people, until no such restriction at all were required. Is not the present dread of Single-Chamber government quite reasonable?—Yours, &c.,

B. D.

November 26th, 1910.

A REGISTER OF WOMEN VOTERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The suggestion of your correspondent, Mr. Hugh Richardson, is excellent. If a register of women voters were made out for certain districts only it would be of incalculable service. It would be useful in pointing out the differing and varying franchises; it would be of great educational advantage, from this point of view alone, to women; and would give those who have not had such experience an insight into the intricacies and minute detail regarding these things.

This is work that can be done at once; it is not necessary to wait until women are enfranchised. The Prime Minister's recent pronouncement is another step gained, and when women get the vote, I predict women agents will be wanted, not to oust the masculine species from his post, but to supplement his efforts; a woman agent for the women. How many women, as things are, could take up such a post? Not very many. I believe I am right in stating there are only two qualified women agents.

Here then is a new field of work, bringing new careers, new opportunities.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. GRANDIDGE WRIGHT.

Ripon, November 29th, 1910.

NOEL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—If the correspondence about Noël be not closed, may I point out that the Gaelic form *Nodhlaigh* bears out Mr. Mayhew's statement that the word is derived from *natalis*. The aspirated *d* indicates the dropping of a vowel

—*a* or an equivalent—by which a combination of sounds not permissible in Irish, *dl*, ensued, resulting finally in a practically silenced *d*. The Celtic language was widely spoken in France in pre-Christian times, and it borrowed and adapted Latin Christian words as need arose.—Yours, &c.,

GAEL.

November 30th, 1910.

Poetry.

EVEN UNTO THIS DAY.

"Woe unto you, for ye build the sepulchres of the prophets and your fathers killed them. Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your fathers; for they indeed killed them, and ye build their sepulchres. Therefore . . . the blood of all the prophets which was shed from the foundation of the world . . . shall be required of this generation."

The souls of all that combated
The cowardice and ease of man
In power girt and garlanded,
From their high thrones, the nations scan.
And watch their children in the fray,
The prophets of a later day,
Wage the old war in the old way.

Who neither prize nor strive at all
To win the goal of all men's feet;
But hear the tempest by the wall
Cry, and at end of every street
See dawns arise and days expire,
And many a flame of lifted fire,
Thereto to turn all men's desire.

Then runs a word men's converse through:
"Behold the garnished grave of each
Prophet of old our fathers knew,
Martyrs, in death their truths they teach!
Cleave to the mighty men of old,
Nor heed the mocking manifold
Of late-born babblers overbold."

Till at the last there comes a cry:
"These men blaspheme, and are we dumb?
Have we not heard the blasphemy?
Bring them to our old prophet's tomb.
Choke in the dust the words they said,
And on that stone their blood be shed,
Atonement to the offended dead."

And thus they do, and on the stone
Of him that troubled men of yore
They leave the dead to lie alone
And feast and market as before,
And proud and well-content they say:
"Surely we have done well to-day,
These led the ignorant astray."

While those they slew arise unstayed
Through storm and star and sphere on high,
Where in perpetual light arrayed,
Like well-loved dead in memory,
The seers of old in glory shine:
And foremost he whose earthly shrine
In death they did incarnadine.

"Yea," saith the prophet, "even so.
Their scars and sorrows are the same
As we, too, suffered long ago.
Ah, God! ah, God! that with the name
Of swordsmen in the self-same fray
The priests and champions of decay
Silence our children still to-day.

Come, take your rest. But nevermore
Till Time and man together cease
Shall cease the everlasting war,
For treaty or for armistice,
For loser's cry or victor's wreath,
"Twixt fear and truth and dust and breath,
Fire and the darkness, life and death."

LUCY LYTTELTON.

Reviews.

THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE IN ENGLAND.*

In an introductory page of his admirable book on "The French Renaissance in England"—a work for which every student of comparative literature will be his debtor—Mr. Lee writes that "France first became in the sixteenth century that home or storehouse of ideas . . . first acquired those powers of collecting and transmitting culture and ideas, which soon led Paris to be styled the artistic and intellectual capital, not alone of France, but of Europe." Is not this statement somewhat too absolute? Paris was the intellectual capital of Europe, the *alma mater* of literary Christendom, in the first Renaissance—nearly four centuries before the second Renaissance, which is the subject of Mr. Lee's book; and the most famous figure in that first Renaissance, Abélard, anticipated many of the revolutionary and formative ideas of the sixteenth-century movement. One of the greatest scholars of medieval England compared Paris to the sun, whose rays illumined the world: "schola tam nobilis cujus olim radii lucem dabant universis angulis orbis terrae." Another chronicler compared Paris to a spiritual Garden of Eden, whose streams fertilised the world's intellectual wastes. England drew her spiritual nourishment from the Paris of the twelfth century and the first Renaissance, as in after time from the Paris of Marot, Rabelais, Ronsard and his comrades of the Pléiade, and Montaigne. And, indeed, if it were a question of origins, one would have to travel back to the early centuries of the Christian era, when Gaul, the most precious possession of the Empire, became the home of the civilisation of decadent Rome, revealing the same powers of assimilation, and the same genius, temperament, spirit—"l'esprit Gaulois," appreciated to the full by Caesar—which, in Mr. Lee's phrase, made her the "Agent-General" of ideas in the Renaissance of the sixteenth century.

This second Renaissance had reached its flowering stage in Italy two centuries before its naturalisation in France, from which, after a further pause of two or three generations, and with its Gallic form and coloring, it passed into the England of Wyatt and Surrey, of Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare. France became, Mr. Lee continues, "the missionary" to England of the new movement that had arisen in Western Europe,—

"to eliminate barbarism and rusticity from the field of man's thought and to substitute humanism and liberal culture of infinite scope. . . . English literature of the sixteenth century was no spontaneous, no merely local or isolated, manifestation, but a late and slowly maturing fruit of the widespread European movement known as the Renaissance. . . . The French Renaissance had put forth its finest flowers before the Elizabethan era was well in leaf."

Among Mr. Lee's examples of English indebtedness to the alert French spirit of hospitality to new conceptions, is that of the fortunes of More's "Utopia." The most original work of its epoch, heralding the dawn of a Renaissance in England, enunciating social ideals that are still the dream of reformers in the twentieth century, the "Utopia" might easily have fallen into endless oblivion in the land of its birth, if French scholars, recognising its unique merits, had not published the MS., first in its original Latin, and next in French. There was also the Arthurian legend cycle, a native British product, thinks the average reader. But the original legends were in medieval French, and Malory had finished with them some seven years before Caxton set up his press in Westminster. A striking testimony, Mr. Lee remarks, to the continuity of French influence on English literature is the career of the Arthurian romance. There were, as he shows in detail, conditions of an historical, diplomatic, and commercial character—all of long standing—which favored the influence of the French Renaissance upon the literature of the Elizabethan age. The hundred years war left no legacy of bitter animosity between the two nations. A real, as well as picturesque and romantic, *entente cordiale* was established by Francis I. and Henry VIII. The custom of educational grand tours in France,

the prevalence of French tuition, private and public, in England, facilitated the invasion of the new culture. Another source of influence, analysed by Mr. Lee in a series of excellent chapters, was that of the Huguenot Reformation, which, being largely and in the finest sense Humanist, served as a bridge for the passage of the new culture into Protestant England. In England, multitudes of French Protestants had found refuge, and the works of Huguenot scholars, poets, and prose writers—imbued with the spirit of the new time—an appreciative audience. England was slowly absorbing the new tendencies from her neighbor, until well on in the second half of the sixteenth century, when the seed sown in mid-century by Ronsard and his associates of the Pléiade became a luxuriant growth, differentiated, by the native qualities of the English soil, from the French original, as this original itself was from its Italian parent.

But the result was far from being in every case one of assimilative transmutation; and the chapters in which Mr. Lee demonstrates the entire process of naturalisation, from wholesale, literal, unacknowledged, undetected plagiarism in substance, form, and expression, to legitimate imitation and adaptation, to creative work prompted by the beauty of the foreign model or starting from mere suggestion, are as curious as any in the history of literature.

In Eckermann's "Gespräche mit Goethe," we find a good-natured theory of plagiarism somewhat identical with that which Mr. Lee cites in his reference to the classical theory of imitation, *mimesis*. We condense the talk. Says Goethe,—My own Mephistopheles rings a Shakespearean song, and why not—"warum sollte er das nicht"? It was the very thing wanted. And in that same "Faust" there are appropriations from Job; all right again—"so ist das widerum ganz recht." Byron's devil is my Mephistopheles—"und das ist recht." Walter Scott has taken a scene from my "Egmont"—"und er hatte ein recht dazu." It matters not whether the poet takes his material from books (that's to say, other people's brains), or direct from life. What does matter is that the poet should make good use of what he has appropriated.

But there was no concealment about Goethe's appropriations. They were too obvious. And might not Goethe have shaken his Olympian head at the Lodges, Daniels, Chapmans, Drummonds, and the rest, whose liftings from the French of Ronsard and his countrymen in or outside the Pléiade are printed in page after page of Mr. Lee's volume, side by side with the incriminating originals? But use or misuse is the test, and Shakespeare—who knew his way among the primrose paths of the French Renaissance as well as any of the marauding crew—transmuted his "plagiarisms" into forms of beauty, to haunt the human mind as long as literature lasts. "The Greek biographer and his translators are worthy of their disciple," is Mr. Lee's remark on Shakespeare's borrowings from Plutarch through North's English version of Amyot's French.

Shakespeare's lovely lines, beginning "Hark, hark, the lark at heaven's gate sings," is the transmutation of Pléiade verse saluting the dawn. We can only refer to a very few of Mr. Lee's examples of Shakespearean borrowing, or imitation, or transmutation either of French material, or of classical material available in English versions translated from French versions. Juliet's admonition to Romeo, "O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon," recalls a sonnet of Ronsard's, published twenty years before, "Je ne veux comparer tes beautés à la lune, La lune est inconstante," &c. The dialogue between the Duke and Jacques in "As You Like It," "This wide and universal theatre, Presents more woful pageants than the scene Wherein we play in. . . . All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players," had its origin in a poem of Ronsard's, "Le monde est le théâtre, et les hommes acteurs," &c. In "Henry VIII.," "Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues We write in water," is almost identical with the last two lines of the following stanza from Bertaut, a successor of the Pléiade:—

"On ne se souvient que du mal,
L'ingratitude regne au monde,
L'injure se grave en métal,
Et le bienfait s'écrit en l'onde."

The eulogy of music in "The Merchant of Venice" comes from the poets of the Pléiade, with whom music was a favorite theme; and Shakespeare's "concord of sweet

*"The French Renaissance in England. An Account of the Literary Relations of England and France in the Sixteenth Century." By Sidney Lee. Clarendon Press. 10s. 6d. net.

sounds" is Ronsard's "accords de doux sons," and the unmusical "spirit" "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils" is the French poet's "l'âme, tortue, vicieuse, et depravée." Antony's dying prayer to Cleopatra, in Shakespeare's great play:—

"The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts
In feeding them with those my former fortunes . . ."

is almost word for word with North's translation from the French Plutarch:—

"And as for himself he entreated that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honors he has received."

Shakespeare's Roman plays, writes Mr. Lee, "offer a hundred similar examples of his loans on English prose which is of French inspiration. Amyot is a hero of English as well as of French literature." As instances of a handling of French expressions peculiar to Shakespeare himself, Mr. Lee quotes the words "gouts of blood," (from "Macbeth"), where the substantive is the dramatist's Anglicised form of "gouttes," drops; "antres vast" (from "Othello"), the substantive being an invention of the Pléiade poets; "scrimers" (in "Hamlet"), the Pléiade word for fencers being "escrimeurs." Curious, also, is Shakespeare's "grand morning," a translation of "grand jour," or "grand matin," broad day. The Elizabethan Sonnet, and the topics common to the Pléiade sonneteers and Shakespeare (who, in this province of his matchless work, did not directly imitate) are the theme of some of Mr. Lee's best chapters.

Europe, wrote Matthew Arnold, is, "for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result." And Europe has reached the threshold of another Renaissance more profound and far-reaching than that of the sixteenth century. "Les nouveaux arguments" are pressing for solution, as they did when the old conventions of life were dying out in the Europe of four hundred years ago. A European Left has arisen, the newest birth of time. In order that its vast significance may be grasped, it has to be considered, not in its isolated forms—English, or French, or German, or Italian, or Spanish—but as one movement, in other words, in the light of the comparative method which Mr. Lee has applied to a short period and a single theme (literature) in the European evolution.

THE UNIFIER OF INDIA.*

By his will Dalhousie forbade the publication of his private papers till fifty years after his death. The fifty years have now passed, and here we are given the prolonged series of his letters to his most intimate friend, Sir George Couper. Except for a very few at the beginning and the end of the series, all were written from India during his eight years' term of office as Governor-General—really the last Governor-General under the East India Company. They were written in terms of the closest and most private friendship.

"I have already told you," he writes, "I keep you as a safety-valve, through which I have a right to blow off those feelings which I can express to no one in India but my wife, and do express to no one in Europe but your two selves (Couper and Fox Maule). I throw you my glove. I defy you to produce any letter of mine irritably expressed, except to one of you two, with whom I have surely the right to claim the privilege of expressing the elsewhere suppressed annoyance which every man in my position must occasionally suffer."

Produced under these conditions, the letters admit us to the inmost thoughts of the man who went to India as "the little Laird o' Cockpen," and left it as "the great Pro-Consul." They are invaluable for a most critical stage of Indian history, and, though they do not much alter our estimate of the man and his services in India, they rather increase our sympathy for him in his loneliness and his personal misfortunes. Certainly, he uses his "privilege of expressing annoyance" with the utmost freedom. From first to last he was always sharply at variance with one or other of his most distinguished subordinates. Lord Gough, his first Commander-in-Chief, Sir Charles Napier, his

second, and even the peaceable Sir William Gomm, his third, all succeeded in irritating him in turn, and with the second the rupture was open and violent. He had repeated trouble, also, with Herbert Edwardes, Henry Lawrence, Colin Campbell, Henry Pottinger, General Godwin (commanding in the second Burmese war), and many others of almost equal distinction. Sometimes his quarrel was just, being due to some negligence on the other's part, or to the natural tendency of such exceptional officers to take too much upon themselves. From his first landing, Dalhousie kept repeating to himself and others his one fixed rule, "There shall be only one master." On his first meeting with Sir Charles Napier, a hero of war nearly twice his age, he said, partly in jest: "I have been warned, Sir Charles, not to let you encroach upon my authority, and I will take damned good care you shall not." The jest became terrible earnest, and a very large part of these letters is occupied with the embittered conflict between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, whom he drove to resignation and life-long hostility. Right was almost entirely on Dalhousie's side, for in his old age Charles Napier became difficult in command, and impossible as subordinate. But, still, one cannot help feeling that a man who quarrelled so repeatedly with his instruments as Dalhousie must have been wanting in some quality essential for a ruler.

Perhaps it came of physical deficiency, for he was small, feeble, and tormented by illness which ultimately made him lame, deaf, and nearly blind, while he suffered from sharp and sometimes continuous nervous pain. Perhaps there was a certain "Scottishness" about him too, that drove him to a rather tactless self-assertion. Speaking of one of Napier's "offensive and insulting" letters, he writes:—

"It costs my Ramsay blood a deal of prudence, let me tell you, to receive without violent and practical retort the gross insolence of Sir C. Napier. I do so like a martyr—checked and comforted by the hope that the Court and the Government will act up to their pledge, and afford me an unflinching support. If they do not do so— But I will not calculate upon this."

For these reasons, or simply because a monarch cannot have a friend, he remained isolated and alone. We cannot doubt that he was unpopular with his officials and with society, and when his wife died at the end of his fifth year of office, he was left solitary indeed. Near the beginning of his term he wrote:—

"Moreover, I am alone! How can a Governor-General ever have a friend? You may be easy and companionable with the few you choose to select—but there you are—the Lord Sahib Bahadur always—the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the King set up. I am sure if the latter potentate had been a sensible man he would, on the offer of restoration, have cut his kingdom while he cut his nails, and would have preferred thereafter to purge and live cleanly, as a noble man should do."

Thus isolated, inexperienced, youngish besides (he was only thirty-five at his appointment, and he died before he was fifty), neglected also by the Government (for, as he complained, the Indian Empire bores the Commons and they always want to get rid of it and go to dinner)—with these disadvantages he set himself to carry out the task that, for better or worse, was completely to change the face of India. On surrendering office, his predecessor, Lord Hardinge, had said there would be no need to fire a gun in India for seven years. Blind eyes of prophecy! Hardly had Dalhousie landed when two British officers were assassinated, and from that moment till the end of the Mutiny, ten years later, there was probably scarcely a month in which the guns were not firing in one part of the Indian Empire or another. During Dalhousie's own Governor-Generalship war followed war, annexation followed annexation. After the second Sikh war the Punjab was annexed; after the second Burmese war Lower Burma was annexed. Part of Sikhim was annexed after a war in that district. Then came the turns of Satara, Sambalpur, and Jhansi; of the Karnatik and the greater part of Nagpur, of the Berars in the Central Provinces, of parts of Orissa and other small States, and, finally, of the great province of Oudh, annexed after Dalhousie's successor had actually landed, and so soon to be the scene of the most terrible events of the Mutiny. Dalhousie had, indeed, a passion for annexation. By his authority, British India was increased by over one-third of its former extent. In Burma his orders were to "annex all we conquer; else it will be thought a sign of weakness." In a despatch, long since published, he announced his resolve "to take advantage of

* "Private Letters of the Marquess of Dalhousie." Edited by J. G. A. Baird. Blackwood. 15s. net.

every just opportunity for acquiring territory, for adding to the revenues of the Public Treasury, and for extending the uniform application of our system of government to those whose best interests we sincerely believe will be promoted thereby."

The sentence was thoroughly characteristic of the man. For the same reasons he cut off the pension of the Nana Sahib, who afterwards slaughtered the women and children at Cawnpore; and for the same reason he began to organise the system of State railways, to plant trees in villages, and to lay the telegraph lines that bore news from Bombay to Calcutta in a few seconds instead of the ten days' post. For the same reasons also, he placed Bengal under a Lieutenant-Governor in Calcutta; while, as Governor-General, he fixed his head-quarters for the greater part of the year at Simla. So, again, he instituted the Public Works Department, and attempted to organise a system of education, both in the vernacular languages and in English. Annex, organise, unify—those were the watchwords of his unflagging industry. He aimed at extending the benefits of British progress and British justice from one end of India to the other. There was to be no State, no village, that should escape the wholesome tutelage of British efficiency.

Efficiency! The word at once suggests the obvious parallel. We also have seen a Viceroy whose unflagging industry was inspired by the watchwords, annex, organise, unify, and whose object it was to extend to all "natives" the benefits of British tutelage. Hardly had Dalhousie departed when the Mutiny broke out. Hardly had Lord Curzon resigned when unrest almost rose to revolution. To both men we may attribute the same virtues—entire and unselfish devotion to their office, a scrupulous and unpopular observance of justice between the dominant and subject races, and an earnest desire to perfect the system of government. Both experienced similar difficulties with Commanders-in-Chief, and both were, unhappily, visited by similar private sorrows. But the administration of both was characterised by the same deficiency—the peculiarly British deficiency of sympathetic imagination—and in both instances the result of that deficiency has been the same. By their impatience for systematised government they pledged the future of the Indian peoples against self-government. By their tutelage they increased the weakness and impotence that they deplored. By their pride of isolation they further estranged the sympathy of the governed from their rulers. It is true that by their railways, their telegraphs, posts, irrigation, and the diffusion of the English language they did more than other Governor-Generals to weld India into a unity with some conception of national life. But that great purpose is being accomplished in spite of their desires, and so far it has not resulted in any sense of partnership or community with the Imperial race to whom those services were due.

PHILOSOPHY AND THE MAN.*

In the preface to his volume of essays Mr. Bertrand Russell appeals to men interested in philosophical questions, yet without philosophical training. We are sure, therefore, that we shall be not merely excused but rather commended, if in these columns we make no attempt to follow the path of professional criticism, but speak from the open ground of common life and common thinking in intelligent men.

Mr. Russell's first and longest essay is on "The Elements of Ethics," and is a good example of his unflinching clearness in thought and expression, and of his ability—a rare ability—to keep within the bounds his subject marks out. But, for the men whom we have in view, this luminous piece of work presents the usual difficulty of seeming nothing but a game. Here, as indeed in Sidgwick's memorable book on "The Methods," the philosopher's labor, when, in his own fashion, he considers the conduct of man, appears to the looker-on as a solemn and elaborate process of tripping-up his opponents, stretching them one after another supine, and

then, with more solemnity and greater elaboration, lying down helplessly beside them. This is due, plainly, to necessary limitations, in fact to the rules of the game, which involve the discussion of behavior apart from most of its incalculable context in the man whose behavior it is. And the man himself feels this, feels it uneasily, as he feels uneasily a treatment of his digestive organs as though he were a chemical retort; or a consideration of his panting for breath, in terms of an india-rubber diaphragm between the carbonic acid he must get rid of and the oxygen he wants. He feels that he, personally, he with his unique and originating activities, is ignored. It is not quite fair, of course; because science is compelled to be departmental, as well as rigidly selective; but it makes a demand upon philosophy which philosophers will not always be able to neglect, when they are setting the sciences to rights in a more ample and inclusive process of thought. As a matter of fact, there are some among them now who confess the force of this demand. And it is, perhaps, not too much to say that before long the conduct of man will be generally, and not only here and there, discussed from a standpoint nearer to that of the man himself. Philosophy is at last joining hands with common sense. The testimony of experience as a whole and as it is for him to whom it belongs has weight now that it never had before. Even when it breaks the bounds of system (which it always does when followed into its depths), the system has to go, not the man nor his experience. Therefore we find that freedom—not the free-will Mr. Russell justly condemns—and spirit—not the metaphysical abstraction for which he has no place, but the most real of all realities—are being treated seriously and in a new way by philosophic thinkers, who thus begin to meet ordinary men on their own ground, and cease to present to them the appearance of players at some extraordinary game.

Pragmatism, which is treated by Mr. Russell with skill and penetration, and at some length, is a sign of these new philosophic times—a notable part of the movement for recognising both common sense and the profound influence, on speculation and discursive thought, of our practical needs. As a coherent philosophy, even when all due allowance is made for its claim to fluency and constant re-adaptation, it is in its childhood. What it will become when it is full-grown we cannot safely predict. But at least we may be sure that many of the trenchant and distinguishing criticisms made by Mr. Russell will have their salutary effect, or it will not survive. For example, the distinction between believing and entertaining an hypothesis, which, with all respect to the great name of the late William James, we must admit that he ignored in "The Will to Believe," is, as Mr. Russell urges, essential if we are to avoid an endless chain of errors. Again, we must admit that the pragmatist does not always keep before his mind and ours the fact that the nature of truth—what it is—and the criterion of truth—the test by which we make sure that it is there—are neither one and the same nor interchangeable. In such matters Mr. Russell's unusually fine logical discernment is of high value, both to us who survey the professional contest and to the combatants on both sides. And we venture to commend to students the admirable bit of criticism on pages 147-8, by which he shows the important difference between the views that science and pragmatism respectively take of a working hypothesis.

We are, however, impelled to say frankly that the fullest acknowledgment of our indebtedness to Mr. Russell leaves us still convinced that his judgment on the subject is not final; and this, not merely because pragmatism is young and inchoate, but because Mr. Russell himself has something to learn from men who are teaching, and he may yet revise his judgment. There is, indeed, a certain degree of pertinence to his own case in the sweeping statement of James that "The great assumption of the intellectualists is that truth means essentially an inert static relation." At least we may allow ourselves to think that Mr. Russell does not, as yet, give unquestionable evidence of attributing its full value, and its import for philosophy, to the new recognition of the dynamism of life and its creative office in man.

This is borne out, at least to our mind, by his eloquent utterance on the subject of "The Free Man's Worship," an utterance in which a personal note rings through the phrases of the philosopher and makes of them the language of a

* "Philosophical Essays." By Bertrand Russell, M.A., F.R.S. Longmans. 6s. net.

tragic poet. We transcribe here the last paragraph in this fine essay, which (its author must forgive us for saying) would have been more timely in the 'seventies of the last century than it is now:—

"Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, condemned to-day to lose his dearest, to-morrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of Fate, to worship at the shrine that his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power."

A noble and passionate, but materialistic, stoicism is, then, the conclusion of the matter. This is the final word, the word most significant for that great mass of men sharing a common toil and destiny, to whom Mr. Russell, like all other thinkers, makes his ultimate appeal. The verdict passed on their life, on its meaning and value, by the philosophy that he expounds, is, in effect, a verdict of condemnation. But here, in their name, we protest against it; and bring our witnesses. For in its beginning as in its end that philosophy has failed to come to terms with the fullness of experience, to reckon adequately with the universal data of consciousness, to meet a criticism which is latent and unassailable in human life itself.

A LATER GATHERING.*

THE poet whose "Collected Works" have been published before he or she has made an end of writing is at something of a disadvantage. At least, this is true of all but the most consistently excellent poets; and Mrs. Shorter's volume, "The Troubadour, and Other Poems," is an unmistakable instance of it. To say that her latest book is, on the whole, disappointing, is really no small compliment to her; for we are judging it by the standard (and it is not a low standard) of her "Collected Poems"; and, but for this, we might well have assessed "The Troubadour" more leniently. But we have those "Collected Poems" of hers; and, with the whole of her previous poetic creations before us, our opinion of her as a poet is inevitably formed by the best of her work. We ignore her failures and mediocrities, and fasten on her successes; and these are frequently poems which give us something no other poet has quite given us before. It is just that note, the touch of strangeness caused by some unexpected individuality, which is plentifully lacking in "The Troubadour." We must not be taken to mean that this latest book of Mrs. Shorter's consists of work much below all that she has previously done; that is not suggested. But it does seem beyond question that there is nothing here that comes up to her best achievement, or anything like her best achievement.

"The Troubadour" itself, the longest poem in the book, is something outside the manner we usually associate with Mrs. Shorter's name. If one were asked to characterise that manner, it is probable that Ireland would come first in the answer. And Mrs. Shorter is undeniably an Irish poet; some of her most beautiful ballads are typically Irish—typical of Irish symbolism, of the Irish mode of elaborating reality. But Mrs. Shorter has never confined herself entirely to Celticism. "The Dean of Santiago" was a fine and memorable poem—perhaps her finest and most memorable; but there was nothing in it either of substance or of manner that could legitimately be called Celtic. We cannot, therefore, comfortably explain away the failure of "The Troubadour" by setting it down as an attempt foreign to the natural inclination of Mrs. Shorter's poetic faculty. It is simply a lapse; one of those lapses to which any poet is liable. "The Troubadour" is a version of the tragic tale of Cabestaing and the Countess Rossillon. The legend is doubtless an extremely difficult one to manage. Except for

its dreadful conclusion, there is nothing in it to distinguish it from a hundred other such stories of illicit love. But Mrs. Shorter has taken no advantage of the free scope for invention which this fact implies. Her lovers do not interest us, for they are hardly alive; and the conduct of their amour is so feebly imagined that it is quite incredible. When we get to the climax we find Mrs. Shorter has exercised some originality; but it does not turn out happily. The one thing that makes the Cabestaing legend worth telling, the one thing that has preserved it, is the vengeance taken on his bride by the insanely ferocious Count Rossillon; he is really the figure in the tale, he and the devilish glutting of his jealousy. But this is such a horrible business that, unless it be managed with consummate art, as in the "Decameron," the whole thing had better be left alone. Mrs. Shorter, however, has tried to circumvent this peril by softening the horror. In the usual versions, the Countess is deceived into eating the heart of her murdered lover, and is convinced that she has done so by the exhibition of his severed head. Mrs. Shorter makes the Count slightly more scrupulous; he does not lure his bride into eating Cabestaing's heart, but causes her, while she is on the battlements, to be presented, in a very clumsy manner, with a covered dish; and, when the cover is removed with a flourish, behold, the head of Cabestaing sitting in the platter. There is something so grotesque in this that it is difficult to be properly moved by the Countess's immediate suicide. Nor is the art of the tale anything notable. It is mainly in rhymed couplets, slack and nerveless in metre, the rhymes too often foisted in or acting as the obvious rudders of the verses, the diction diffuse, scantily imaginative, and seldom touched to such brief moments of poetry as this:

"Thus did they twitter, till from their day doze
The shadow children of the night arose."

Considering how exquisite, in the mere matter of technique, many of Mrs. Shorter's early ballads were, it is a little surprising to find her in the present volume so unskilful in poetic narrative: for "The Bard of Breffney," the only other long poem in the new collection in which rhymed couplets are attempted, is as manifest a failure as "The Troubadour." It would seem that Mrs. Shorter requires the rigor of a stanza to save her from prolixity. She is, for example, far too easily tempted, in continuous verse, to compass both rhyme and metre with the aid of auxiliary verbs—"he did with guile secure,"—"who in some wanton hour did all depart,"—"this tale did so distress my ear,"—three instances in ten consecutive lines chosen at hazard. That is not at all the sort of writing we have a right to expect from so practised a poet as Mrs. Shorter. Such slackness in the detail of form inevitably draws along with it prolixity in the general conduct of the poem. But it must not be forgotten that all this time we have Mrs. Shorter's own standard in our mind. Both "The Troubadour" and "The Bard of Breffney" possess certain minor qualities of grace, quietness and simplicity, which would deserve commendation if they were the first tentative essays of a 'prentice-hand.

Disappointment is not so sharply called for in the smaller poems. We meet here plenty of such charming phrases as this:

"He knew the swift bee's wandering way,
The music of its roundelay,
Its city sweet of honeycomb;"

And, what is more important, many of the lyrics are beautifully haunted by natural magic, and sometimes, as in "By the Sea," mixed with genuine pathos. "The Calling Motherland" is built up out of a finely plangent stanza:

"On the lone height of some untrodden hill
The shadowy mother goes,
Calling, calling:
Grief hath her eyes, her cheek is wan and chill
As winter snows
On the far height of some untrodden hill."

And perhaps we ought most gladly to welcome Mrs. Shorter's return to her Irish manner in "The Careless Lad," full of that Celtic elaboration of reality which is so often mistaken for unreality, or in "The Three Trees," in which peasant superstition is wrought into a perfect and moving symbolism.

* "The Troubadour and Other Poems." By Dora Sigerson Shorter. Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.

Applications in advance of publication are invited for the new (11th) edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, of which early copies will be ready, it is expected, in January, 1911.

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Hitherto, new editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica have appeared at intervals, on an average, of 14 years. The first seven editions (1768-1830) were separated from one another by periods of 11 or 12 years; but, as the labour and cost of preparation increased, with the vast multiplication of special studies, the intervals grew longer. Twenty-one years separated the 7th edition (1830-42) from the 8th (1853-60), 25 years the 8th from the 9th (1875-89). If 1882 be taken as the mean date of the 9th edition, it will be seen that 28 years separate it from the new edition which has just been completed.

The 9th and 10th editions.

The lapse, on this occasion, of so long a period is due to the extension of life afforded to the 9th edition by "The Times," which, in 1902, issued a supplement sufficiently important to entitle the enlarged work to the description of the 10th edition. A large number of copies had been sold of the 9th edition, which contained articles of great distinction. Such an extension of life, therefore, seemed doubly desirable. Important as were the additions thus made, the issue of supplementary volumes was recognised to be but a temporary measure. When the first volume of the 9th edition appeared (1875), a German Empire under the hegemony of Prussia, a united Italy with its capital in Rome, were institutions only four years old. The first 12 volumes had appeared by 1881. The British occupation of Egypt had not begun; gold had not yet been discovered in the Transvaal; no public electric supply station had yet been built in London. The series of 24 volumes was completed by 1889. The Trans-Siberian Railway had not been begun; of the first-class battleships and cruisers constructed at the time when the article "Ship" was written, none are now in commission, save for instructional purposes. Some years were still to pass before the discovery of X Rays, before the appearance of motor-cars, electric traction, steam turbines.

It was evident that, while additional volumes might make good many omissions created by the lapse of time, the edition of 1875-89, thus supplemented after an interval of twenty years, could not claim the normal duration of a new edition. No such process of "bringing up to date" could thoroughly renew a book of which the contents were already beginning to reflect the point of view of a past generation. An entirely new edition—one founded, that is to say, upon a fresh survey of the world—was evidently needed, and the year 1910 was mentioned as a probable date for its appearance.

The Encyclopædia Britannica, in point of publication, has passed through several stages. The first period ended in 1812, when the executors of Andrew Bell, who had played a leading part in the publication of the first four editions, brought the property into the market. Constable purchased the copyright, and under his princely direction the work gained enormously in reputation. When Constable's house stopped payment in 1826, the property passed to Adam Black, under whose charge the issue of the 7th, 8th, and 9th editions consolidated the supreme position of the book. In 1898 a notable service was rendered to the national work of reference by "The Times," which, in offering a reprint of the 9th edition for sale at a reduced price and upon easy terms, revealed the great popularity that awaited the book in all parts of the English-speaking world.

The new and improved edition.

Now, the Encyclopædia Britannica enters upon another period of its history with the issue of a new edition which is worthy to supersede the 9th. The most devoted admirer of that edition will have no cause to regret that the lapse of years has rendered its contents inadequate and misleading. If in the distinction of individual contributors the 9th edition set a standard not to be surpassed, the new edition, in keeping pace with the increase of special studies during the past thirty years, may claim to have brought to a fuller development the principle of resorting for articles to original authorities. In its more exhaustive treatment, in the better distribution of its information, and in its interior organisation generally, the new edition marks a great advance, due to the simultaneous production of the entire work from beginning to end. If the cost of producing the 9th edition has been more than doubled in the present case, so also has the utility of the book and the amount of information afforded in its pages. An improvement, of which the importance could hardly be over-estimated, has taken place also in the material production of the work. The bulk and weight of its volumes have hitherto afforded real ground of complaint against the

Encyclopædia Britannica. The new edition consists of 28 volumes, and an index volume, each measuring only an inch thick and weighing but 3 lb.; yet together they contain (in type of the same size) over 2 million words more than did the 35 volumes of the 10th edition, each of which was 2½ inches thick and weighed nearly 7 lb.

The Cambridge University Press.

The sale of the reprinted 9th edition by "The Times" constitutes, then, a notable chapter in the history of the Encyclopædia Britannica, for at one stroke it revealed the popularity of the work and assured its continuance upon the same high level of scholarship. Circumstances, meanwhile, were combining to bring about still another change of control. Only a great newspaper could have accomplished what stands to the credit of "The Times"; but a newspaper office is no abiding place for such a publication, and a permanent establishment, in keeping with its character as a public institution, and as far removed as possible from the vicissitudes of a purely commercial enterprise, was felt to be the *desideratum* in connection with the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is, indeed, to a university that such a book recommends itself as a proper charge, whether regard be had to the learning which goes to its preparation, or to the purpose which it serves as an instrument of instruction. As the product of the scientific spirit at work in every department of knowledge, the Encyclopædia Britannica comes with a certain propriety into the keeping of the University of Cambridge.

Bentley, in 1693, said of the Cambridge University Press that "the advancement of learning" must ever be its object. In the results of original research which go to the making of the new Encyclopædia Britannica, learning is indeed advanced, though over a larger field than Bentley contemplated when he used the word "learning." But the universities themselves, old and new, no longer limit their scholarship to the humanities and the pursuit of pure science, and hesitation might well be felt in excluding from the scope of the word "learning" to-day even the most practical among the activities which the new edition includes in its survey. And the new Encyclopædia Britannica is calculated also to advance learning in another sense of the word "advance." Research, and the training of generations to prosecute research, are not the only duties of a university, which is the centre, also, for the diffusion of the learning it fosters. Nothing is more remarkable in the recent history of the ancient universities than the evidence afforded—for instance, in the establishment of the University Extension Lectures—of their desire to enlarge the sphere within which this diffusion may take place.

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THE FAVORED FEMALE.*

WHAT is a lady? The inquirer should refer to Mrs. Emily James Putnam, who, in a series of brilliant and entertaining articles appearing recently in the "Contemporary Review" and now published in book form, has given us a masterly study of the lady, her origin, history and essential meaning. Like many ideas familiar to us from birth, the lady eludes definition. She may be described as a costly superstition or a social ideal, a burden on the community or its last and finest flower, according as our trend of mind is utilitarian or aesthetic. To the aristocrat who has produced her she is an institution to be enjoyed without criticism and supported without complaint; whilst the philistine, unable to square her existence with any sound principle of economics, accepts her nevertheless, as he accepts the theory of art for art, with a grudging and mystified respect. For the true lady in her purest aspect is superior to common sense; her value transcends morality and her uselessness is her use.

"It would be interesting to note if we could," says Mrs. Putnam, "the stages by which, through the accumulation of property and through the man's aesthetic development and his snobbish impulses acting in harmony, he came to feel that it was more desirable to have an idle than a working wife." The lady has indeed distinguished herself from the bulk of her sisters by the number of things she may not do. Forbidden all healthy acts of self-assertion, from loud sneezing to the choice of a career, she realises herself most surely along the lines of least resistance and arrives at her goal by the pathway of renunciation. "She may become a nun in the strictest and poorest sense of the word without the moral convulsion, the destruction of false ideas. The birth of character that would be the preliminary step toward becoming an efficient stenographer"; and although capable of heroic devotion and passive courage of a rare order, on the issues where her sex is most vitally concerned she would find it easier to perish than to take a single forward step.

It is to Pericles that we are indebted for the first definition of the perfect lady; and it is remarkable that in one of the most enlightened periods of the world's history the contrast between the gentleman and his wife has never been more pronounced. While the Athenian citizen was free to enjoy every privilege, civil and intellectual, of a glorious epoch, his dame, the humble and uninstructed tortoise, sat mutely in her shell. That belief in the connection between erudition and impropriety that lurks to this day in the bosom of many a respectable matron has its origin in ancient Athens, where Aspasia might converse of literature and philosophy on equal terms with men, but the wedded wife must be kept in ignorance of everything but religion, the domestic arts, and her husband's will. Yet, in Greece, if the personality of a lady reaches its finest point of attenuation, there are periods when her development is surprisingly robust. The heroic female, if Homer is to be trusted, held a position of considerable honor and independence: the Amazons, whose characteristics differ widely from the classic conception of the term lady-like, and whose careers shatter in a blow the physical-force argument of the anti-suffragist, are treated throughout Greek art and literature with the deepest admiration and respect: whilst Plato, deriving from Sparta his ideal of active and vigorous womanhood, restores to "that race that are used to living out of the sun" the right to oxygen, physical exercise, and a soul and social status of their own. In Rome the high-tempered matron was inadequately subdued, and many are the complaints of her in Latin literature. She held property and spoke in public, wrote poetry and domesticated philosophers, frequently divorced her husband, occasionally murdered him, and even went to the length of correcting his grammar. "I hate a woman," grumbles Juvenal, "who is always turning back to the grammatical rules of Palaemon and consulting them; the feminine antiquary who recalls verses unknown to me, and corrects the words of an unpolished friend, which even a man would not observe. Let a husband be allowed to make a solecism in peace." Neither in Greece nor Rome can the lady be said to occupy a satisfactory or dignified position in the mind of man, and it is not till the birth of chivalry that

she begins to come into her own. Here, for the first time in history, man raises her to a height far above him; and as queen of his imagination she maintains without effort that exalted conception of her own value which generations of higher education, collective action, and professional capacity are powerless to create. That the theories of chivalry made hardly any appreciable difference to her practical status is a detail of trifling importance; for although she was married for her dowry, seldom consulted in her choice of a husband, and completely dependent upon him, as long as the troubadour continued to publish her praises in the impassioned language of courteous love, the lady realised her spiritual ideal.

Having successfully scaled the heavens, the lady's next step is to conquer the world. From Dante's Beatrice we come to Vittoria Colonna and Marguerite of Navarre. Supplanting in her own person the new demand for visible beauty and mental cultivation, fulfilling in social intercourse the belief that life is capable of being treated as an art, the lady of the Renaissance ceases to be an accessory to existence and becomes an end. Disdaining no effort in her pursuit of perfection, the Italian lady spends long mornings on her roof bleaching her hair in the sun till it attains the admired shade of Venetian gold, and inaugurates the long martyrdom of the corset. Her talents blossom forth in literature, art, scholarship, and philosophy; she sets the tone of conversation, develops taste, inspires and manipulates her human material—in short, creates Society. The feminine genius of the Renaissance, with its brilliance and versatility, is rivalled, though not surpassed, by the French *salonnière*, who reaches her climax in the eighteenth century. Though indifferently educated—for the aristocratic theory of life has never been favorable to education, and women in general prefer to take their learning at second hand, reserving the full force of their intellects for the complex science of human relationships—the *salonnière* was a social and intellectual power. Temperamentally secure, even in her most dangerous moments of cerebral activity, from those pitfalls of doddiness, pedantry, and dogmatism into which her less artful and more uncompromising sisters across the Channel occasionally floundered; neither old age, the possession of intellect, nor the absence of beauty could impede the Frenchwoman in the exercise of her famous charm. "In the eighteenth century she kept her lovers long; no picture of the time is complete without an ancient marquise and an ancient count united by tender recollections; and she kept society as long as she lived." To the Englishman, who regards society as a duty only a shade less dreary than religion, the mental fascination of the Frenchwoman appears sinister and strange. Horace Walpole, whose attachment to Madame du Deffand was long and serious, could never rid himself of the suspicion that his attitude towards her savored of the ridiculous. For the cultured female of his own island he had no patience; vilifying Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and cracking his hearty, sensible, eighteenth-century jokes at the pretensions of Mrs. Miller, her Bath circle, poetic vase, and *bouts-rimés*. Dr. Johnson, as might be expected, soundly endorses this healthy prejudice; the wits in general disliked talking seriously to women; and beneath the thin veneer of French manners introduced by the cosmopolitan part of society lurked the virile British intolerance of *politesse*. The effect on society was that "a party of men and women was a mechanical mixture, tending constantly to resolve itself into its elements." One such gathering is described by Mrs. Carter:

"As if the two sexes had been in a state of war, the gentlemen ranged themselves on one side of the room, where they talked their own talk, and left us poor ladies to twirl our shuttles and amuse each other by conversing as we could. By what little I could hear, our opposites were discoursing on the old English poets, and this subject did not seem so much beyond a female capacity, but that we might have been indulged with a share of it."

The lack of intellectual sympathy between the sexes, characteristic of the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon race, makes the American woman, with her independence, thirst for knowledge, but complete detachment from all masculine interests, so singular a phenomenon to-day. Mrs. Putnam, however, does not deal with the modern American, and her last chapter describes the planter's wife before the abolition of slavery. The lady of the Slave States enjoyed a brief period of brilliancy as a young girl; but, once espoused, the

* "The Lady: Studies of Certain Significant Phases in Her History." By Emily James Putnam. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.

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THREE WOMEN NOVELISTS.*

MISS MACNAUGHTAN, Miss Kaye-Smith, and Mrs. Dudeney have not, spiritually, much in common, but the pictures of life of all three are wrought with that fine eye for intimate detail which is half of woman's genius for seeing things as they are. Certainly, in "The Andersons," we find depicted, with a fidelity that is almost relentless, the family life and outlook of very prosperous, well-intentioned, humdrum folk, living in "goodly villas" on Clydebank. The atmosphere of solid comfort, prosaic habit, and cautious judgment would be overpowering if Miss Macnaughtan had not, luckily, possessed that gift of humorous sympathy which detects how interesting a dull person can be, even when viewed against a background of appalling flatness. Honest, obstinate, unimaginative Flora Anderson, for example, who has about as much charm as a penny tram, becomes dear to us when she is put beside the man she is sentimentally devoted to, Mr. Patterson, the blinking, monumentally dull village doctor. Flora knows what Patterson is—an exceedingly stupid, awkward, and tongue-tied man—but, woman-like, she is always thirsting for a little sentiment, which her lover never gets within a thousand miles of expressing. When Flora is on a visit to London, Dr. Patterson comes to dinner at her friends' house, but her desperate efforts to get him to shine and to talk of something else than what he ate for tea, and the influenza at Lachlan, are fruitless. "Her heart was like lead, and a certain blankness, which follows on the shock of suddenly-removed glamor, tied her tongue for a while." A younger woman might almost have wept. "Spot is quite well," is the highest flight of interest to which the literal-minded Patterson can rise. At last, in desperation, Flora harks back to the subject of Spot. "Tell me about Spot," she said impulsively. "Oh, Spot's fine," said Patterson; "he's a nice wee dog, that." The long lane turns, however, when Flora and the doctor risk their lives to cross the Sound in a gale, to save a woman in childbirth. The adventure wrings from the unconscious Patterson a renewal of the proposal that Flora has been waiting for years to hear again. The lovers' talk is so wonderfully North British that our readers may like a specimen:

"As she thought thus, Patterson tripped badly over a tuft of grass.

"To stumble in walking had always been one of his most characteristic habits, and the sudden blunder with his feet did more than anything to restore their old attitude to each other than anything else could have done.

"I wish you wouldn't trip, Patterson," said Flora. . . .

"I wouldn't if I had you always to take care of me, Flora," he said. And the thing was out at last!

"It's a pity you haven't answered my letter," she said, struggling to get back to the old independent attitude, and with an almost heroic attempt to be once more the Flora she knew and understood.

"What letter?" he asked.

"Did you not get my letter?"

"I got the one," said poor Patterson, his puzzled expression returning again, "in which you said your aunt was going to see a chiropodist in Glasgow."

"That wasn't the one."

"And the last one, when you said that folks sometimes changed their minds."

"Didn't you understand?" said Flora, sentimentally.

"As sure as death, Flora," said Patterson, "I didn't know that you had refused me before."

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, who has won a reputation by

two novels, "Starbrace" and "The Tramping Methodist," has done excellently in "Spell Land," a study of Sussex farm-people of yeoman stock. But the author's performance does not mark the advance in craftsmanship for which, we confess, we were looking. The reason simply is that Miss Kaye-Smith does not know what to omit. Her racy pictures of the lad Claude's upbringing and schooling, of the boy and girl friendship between him and Emily, the lonely, indomitable girl, of Emily's unhappy marriage with Oliver, her escape, and of the tragic results to both when she and Claude start housekeeping together at Nineveh Farm—all these things are painted with psychological exactitude and force. But the novel, by its insistence on a multitude of superfluous details, is deficient in artistic charm. Let almost any page be selected, and it will be seen that the facts presented are too many and diverse to produce a culminating effect. The knowledge, observation, insight, sympathy are greatly in excess of the feeling for harmony and design. Miss Kaye-Smith has also to learn that the author's insistent commentary clogs her narrative, and discounts the appeal of her characters. It is as though a clever nurse were perpetually discussing the children she attends. Poor Claude's weaknesses and unworthiness are so harped on at every stage of his development that we begin to suspect the author of an ethical purpose. Miss Kaye-Smith has too penetratingly critical a mind to fall into this common trap of English novelists, and if she will only let her people and scenes speak for themselves she should go far in her art. Her portrait of Emily is quite a creation. She has special insight into the sins of hot-blooded youth, and indeed shows considerable sympathy with the mental processes of passionate natures. "Spell Land," with all its defects, grips one by its extreme and rare sincerity. The canvas is, however, crowded with too many figures; too many things happen, and too much is exhaustively explained.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney has written at least ten works of fiction, and many of the genuine tributes that have been paid to her powerful stories are applicable to "A Large Room." It is curious for how many years a naturalistic novelist can pursue her calling in England without attaining a definite position. Mrs. Dudeney's unflinchingly realistic pictures of the struggle of worldly, hard-headed, rather materialistic-minded folk to get their full share of the loaves and fishes in life remind us often of Balzac's outlook, but had the same measure of ability been directed to idealistic or even to sentimental ends, we should have heard ringing eulogies of her original talent. It is true that Mrs. Dudeney's art, like pewter, is an alloy of tin and silver. But pewter is very serviceable stuff, associated with strong brews and good measure. "A Large Room" has intensity, depth, and a certain cynical sincerity to the unpleasant facts of human nature that command respect. It is difficult to put into a phrase the philosophy of life that the girl, Amaza, a heroine very typical of the author's outlook, exemplifies, but she belongs to the species of worldly men and women who are, mostly, as hard in the shell as they are soft in the flesh. These hard people never seem to get what they want in their affairs of the heart, and they avenge themselves by marrying some unsuitable person and spilling the vials of their cynicism on the "sorry scheme of things," as they see it. We assist at the transformation of the tender and dainty girl into the cool, subtle, and astute woman of the world. Failing to marry Sebastian, the man of her choice, Amaza falls into the clutches of the "gay brute," Sir Walter Wintle, a man about town, who, by means of a mock-marriage, gets possession of her. When Amaza discovers her marriage is a make-believe one, she leaves Sir Walter and falls in with the young widow, Marcia, whose mixture of gush and shallow worldliness is very true to life. Amaza retrieves her dangerous position by marrying Marcia's brother, Humphrey Mallard, a young man "all flesh and foolishness," as full of self-esteem as he is incompetent in business. How the household goes to wreck, and how Amaza finds her only refuge in religion, we must leave to the reader to find out for himself. "A Large Room" is not *virginibus puerisque*, it is over facile in expression, and in construction the flats do not quite join. But its picture of unpleasant people is full of vitality and force, and Mrs. Dudeney knows her people's hearts intimately.

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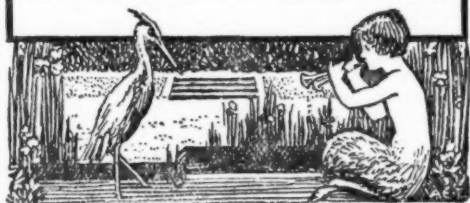
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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

WE are glad to welcome a second edition of Mr. J. A. Hobson's "The Industrial System: An Inquiry into Earned and Unearned Income." (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Hobson has taken advantage of the new issue to revise the book and to make a few considerable alterations and additions as well as many minor corrections. He has, for instance, expanded his examination of the claims of the State to a share of the "surplus product" of industry for maintenance and grants, re-stated his view of the part played by minimum interest as a cost of production, and added a discussion on such an important factor of modern taxing policy as the inheritance duties. We hope that in its improved form Mr. Hobson's book will command the success it deserves. It is far and away the most original and important of recent contributions to economic science.

THE Gresham Publishing Company have issued a new edition, the third, in six volumes, of the Rev. E. A. D'Alton's "History of Ireland." The fault of most Irish histories, as Father D'Alton says, is that they are the work of advocates and the envenomed contests of the past are repeated and renewed in their pages. Father D'Alton has succeeded to a high degree in avoiding this error. He has taken Thomas Davis's advice to heart, and has avoided bigotry of race and creed. Of course, the history of Ireland, based on a scientific examination of documents and evidence, remains to be written. Mrs. J. R. Green has given a notable impetus to this task by her volume, "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing." Professor Bury has written a biography of St. Patrick, and a few others have done some preparatory work in the way of sifting the materials. Father D'Alton's book is not wholly based on what, in the case of English history, we would call original authorities. That would be impossible for any writer who covers so large a field, and it will take years of labor before a sufficient number of monographs are written on special periods to enable Irish history to be written as it ought. Such monographs may be expected as one result of the new Irish University. The value of the present work is that it gives a good popular narrative, written in an impartial, or, at least, a tolerant spirit, and based upon the published writings of previous historians. What we have a right to expect in a popular history, in addition to impartiality, is that it should be based on trustworthy sources, as far as these are available, that it should warn us when conjecture replaces ascertained fact, and that it should be written in an attractive style. Father D'Alton achieves a fair measure of success in all these respects. His narrative is direct and simple, and his descriptions enable us to realise for ourselves the scene he has in view. A couple of pages in his account of the famine are really admirable pieces of restrained descriptive writing. Until the new school of scientific historians have given us the results of their researches into Irish history, Father D'Alton's "History" is likely to remain the best book which covers the whole ground.

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THE Stock Exchange has been very much absorbed in the issue of the elections. At first it was rather hopeless—I speak of the nine-tenths of its members who are Unionists. The speculation on the result of the General Election takes the form of quoting as market price, or par, the probable majority. At first they started with the Liberal majority as 120. It gradually sank to 80 on Tuesday. On that day

300 members of the Stock Exchange signed a petition asking Mr. Balfour to promise to submit Tariff Reform to a Referendum. These were typical Stock Exchange men. One of the leaders said to a friend of mine, "We want to get Tariff Reform out of the way so that the Unionists can get back." But, as a big dealer remarked grimly, "The Stock Exchange is always wrong. No statesman should ever take advice from that quarter." However, the enthusiasm of the Albert Hall was reflected in Throgmorton-street, and on Wednesday the majority dropped to 50, reacting, however, to 60 on cooler reflection. Home Rails and Consols have also been strong, and there has been a good investment demand. The London General Omnibus report produced some realisations of the ordinary shares, on the ground that no allowance had been made for depreciation. On the other hand all the omnibuses are kept in repair, and some new ones were bought from the proceeds of second-hand sales. The Foreign Market has been firm with some buying of Russian securities on Paris account. Wall Street is dejected.

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